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NEWS

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By Post 6<sup>1</sup>/<sub>2</sub>D.



MISS GEORGINA BURNS.



## THE DUNSTALL HALL PARK COMPANY (LIMITED.)

Incorporated under "The Companies Acts 1862, 1867, and 1877."  
CAPITAL £55,000, in 5,500 Shares of £10 each, 1,000 of which, fully paid-up, are now offered as a FIRST ISSUE.

### WOLVERHAMPTON RACECOURSE.

#### DIRECTORS (PRO TEM.).

John Percival, 12, Clarence-terrace, Regent's Park, London.  
Josiah Johnson, 25, Harrington-square, Hampstead-road, London.  
E. Woodland, Child's Hill, Finchley-road, London.  
F. G. Hobson, Raleigh Club, London, S.W.  
Charles Bush, London.  
Charles H. Ashley, London.  
Joseph Capp, 314, Kennington-park-road, London, S.E.  
(With power to add to their number.)

BANKERS.—Wolverhampton and Staffordshire Bank, Wolverhampton.

SOLICITOR.—Mr. S. Chidley, Wolverhampton.  
HON. SECRETARY.—Henry Charles Eaton.  
Offices.—44, Queen-street, Wolverhampton.

#### PROSPECTUS.

This Company has been formed (inter alia) for the restoration to the important town of Wolverhampton of race meetings which had ceased in consequence of the Corporation taking the old racecourse from the Duke of Cleveland for a public park, and for such purpose obtaining a track suitable for high-class race and steeple-chase meetings.

In obtaining such a site the Promoter has been singularly successful, having obtained from Mr. Alexander Staveley Hill, O.C., M.P., on advantageous terms, the estate known as Dunstall Hall and Park, which in every way is suitable for the purposes to which it will now be devoted.

The Estate, in addition to the Hall itself and some farm buildings, comprises some 120 Acres.

Dunstall Hall is situated about 1½ mile from the centre of Wolverhampton, and ½ a mile from the Bushbury Junction Station of the London and North-Western, and Great Western Railway Systems, and consequently is most easy of access, the roads and approaches to the site of the proposed grand stand and offices being good.

In addition to race meetings the Company can utilise Dunstall Park for the purposes of football, polo, reviews, cricket and bicycling, and in connection with the last-named sport, so popular in Wolverhampton, it may be mentioned that as many as 20,000 persons have paid for admission to the small ground where, hitherto, leading matches and races have taken place.

The Racecourse is of excellent turf, of a ham shape, being in all 1½ mile round, with the unusually long straight run in of half a mile; the five furlong course is also straight; while the mile and six furlongs has but the slightest bend.

All necessary draining is now being carried out, and though of a soft, pliable nature, the turf is so good and sound that the going will never be at the great extremes of heavy and hard.

There will be ample stabling for racehorses on the Course, and the stands and offices will be of superior construction and accommodation.

The Course on two sides is bounded respectively by the Birmingham Canal and the Wolverhampton and Worcester Canal, and on the remaining side by Dunstall Farm, through which a new road is proposed to be cut; but the direct and better entrance from Wolverhampton is by Gorsebrook, which is close to the proposed entrance to the stands, the back of which is parallel with the road, so that there will be no wading in wet weather through fields, the drawback to so many meetings.

In the Steeplechase Course, which only at two points will intersect the flat race, the majority of the fences are natural ones, the whole track being about two miles round.

A fee will be charged on race days for admission to the ground, and the collection of the entrance fees and the preservation of order will be facilitated by the lodges at the entrances to the Estate.

The probability of the success of this Company may fairly be inferred from the examples of other racecourse companies, among which may be cited Kempton Park, Sandown Park, and Manchester, at which latter place most remunerative results have been attained, an original £1,000 stock being now worth some six times that amount.

The only contract entered into on behalf of the Company is one between Henry Charles Eaton of the one part and Robert Francis Fenning of the other part, dated the 26th day of January, 1879, referring (inter alia) to an agreement dated the 25th day of November, 1871, between Alexander Staveley Hill, O.C., M.P., of the one part, and Henry Charles Eaton and others, of the other part.

Attention is called to the following extracts from the public newspapers:—

"The Field" of 28th December, in alluding to the formation of the Company, says they are informed by the clerk of a course that he can make a straight course of six furlongs, and that the grounds, which are very pretty, will not be exclusively used for racing.

"Bell's Life" of Jan. 4th is informed that the course is in every way suitable for racing and steeplechasing. The approaches are well made, and the park is very picturesque, and composed of excellent turf.

"The Sportsman" of Dec. 6th, 1878.—The site comprises the fine old building known as Dunstall Hall, lately the residence of Captain Annesley, with some 130 acres of land. . . . Owing to the picturesque nature of the locality, a really charming racecourse can be formed, the estate containing some magnificent trees, being agreeably undulating and boasting very fine turf. If the undertaking is only carried through in the spirited manner in which it commenced it can scarcely fail being a complete success.

"Sporting Life," December 7th, 1878.—The old course at Wolverhampton having been sold, . . . a number of gentlemen have secured on reasonable terms a track of land in every way suitable for racing and steeplechasing purposes.

"The Sporting Times" of December 14th, 1878.—A capital track of land has been secured, and it is intended to have racing of a high class. "Tip," in the "Birmingham Gazette" of January 27th, says a site has been secured in an advantageous position, and when laid out there will be a run in of a mile and a quarter without an objectionable turn.

"The Standard" of January 13th, 1879, in a lengthy notice by "Asmodeus."—With satisfaction it is to be noted that the sporting folks in the Black Country, and in Wolverhampton in particular, are not to lose their annual race meetings. . . . A very fine racecourse is being laid out with stands, and all the means and appliances to boot will very shortly be erected, so as to make the affair the Sandown of the Midlands. . . . Mr. Eaton has already obtained promise of substantial patronage and support to the venture, which should be a great success.

"The Globe" of December 23rd, in a long notice, compares the formation of the course most favourably for racing purposes with many of the leading existing tracks, and alludes to the prestige the old meeting on its very moderate course always commanded.

"The Daily Chronicle" of January 27th, 1879.—The affair is promoted upon similar principles as those at Sandown and Kempton Park. Large quantities of timber have already been felled. The steeplechase track will be constructed on the most improved principle, and will contain two natural water jumps. Thus it will at once be clear to all that with everything so ready-made to the hand nothing remains to command unqualified success.

"Birmingham Daily Post" of January 13th, 1879—"Veritas" says although Wolverhampton racecourse is now a people's park, the good folks of the Black Country do not mean to lose their annual diversion. . . . The scheme has met with the hearty co-operation of all classes of sportsmen in the country, while from old associations the name of Wolverhampton races *per se* commands prestige.

"The Birmingham Gazette" of December 3rd, 1878, in alluding to the probable formation of the Company, remarks that in the event of its being formed a track has been secured in every way adapted for the purpose for which it is intended.

"The Midland Counties Express" of December 7th, 1878, in concluding a lengthy article, congratulates the worthy member, Staveley Hill, Esq., the owner of Dunstall Park, "on the liberal manner in which he has assisted the project, and in furthering the acquisition of what, by a pardonable suggestion, we may almost term a local Goodwood."

"The 'Maggie'" of December 14, 1878.—It will no doubt be highly gratifying to local lovers of racing that so excellent a place has been secured. Prospectuses and Forms of Application for Shares and all information can be obtained from the Solicitor, and at the offices of the Company.

#### FORM OF APPLICATION FOR SHARES.

##### DUNSTALL HALL PARK COMPANY (Limited).

To the Hon. Secretary.  
I apply for Shares of £10 each in this Company, and I agree to accept the same, or any less number of Shares you may allot to me, and hereby authorise you to enter my name in the Register of Members for the Shares so allotted.

Enclosed I beg to hand you £ for the above Shares.  
Dated this day of 187 .  
Signature .....  
Address .....  
Profession or business .....

##### DUNSTALL HALL PARK COMPANY (Limited).

Received from the sum of £ being the amount for fully paid-up Shares in the above undertaking.  
For the Company.  
Hon. Secretary.

## THEATRES.

### THEATRE ROYAL, COVENT GARDEN.

Under the management of Messrs. A. and S. Gatti.  
CHATTEBON BENEFIT FUND.  
A GRAND MORNING PERFORMANCE will be given in aid of this fund on Monday, 3rd March, 1879, by kind permission of Messrs. A. and S. Gatti. Executive Committee: Chairman of General Committee, Lord Londesborough; Chairman of Executive Committee, Lord William Lennox; G. A. Sala, Esq., A. Gatti, Esq., E. F. Edgar, Esq., E. Stirling, Esq., J. Willing, Esq., C. Dickens, Esq., C. Kelly, Esq., W. S. Johnson, Esq., C. Harcourt, Esq., G. W. Moore, Esq., L. Myers, Esq., Fred Burgess, Esq., H. Russell, Esq., W. Gooch, Esq., Lord Alfred Paget, J. B. H. V. Thompson, Esq., Morgan Howard, Esq., Q. C.; Hon. Treasurer, C. W. Thompson, Esq.; Hon. Secretary, Arthur Stirling, Esq.  
The Artists appear by kind permission of their respective Managers.  
The Performance will commence with the celebrated entertainment by the MOORE and BURGESS MINSTRELS.  
The First Act of Sidney Grundy's Comedy, entitled SNOWBALL, by the Strand Company.  
Ballad Mr. Wilford Morgan.  
Garden Scene from Gounod's FAUST. Faust, Mr. Joseph Maas; Mephistopheles, Mr. F. H. Celli; Siebel, Miss Josephine; Martha, Miss E. Collins; Marguerite, Madame Helene Crosmont. Conductor, Carl Rosa.  
One Scene from AS YOU LIKE IT. Misses Wallis, Emmerson, Huds-peth; Messrs. Luigi Lablache, F. Barsby, F. Hughes.  
The Balcony Scene from ROMEO AND JULIET. Romeo, Mr. W. Terriss; Juliet, Miss Neilson.  
Medley Duet from "La Poule Aux Œufs d'Or," Miss Constance Loseby and Mr. Edward Righton.  
The First Act of Charles Reade's very successful drama, IT'S NEVER TOO LATE TO MEND, by the Princess's Company.  
The famous Entertainment by THE GIRARDS.  
Song Mr. George Honey.  
The celebrated Farce, by Maddison Morton, A REGULAR FIX. Messrs. Sotherton, W. Hargreaves, Kyrle Bellow, Weathersby, James, and J. Fielder; Misses Emily Thorne, Harrison, Blanche Henri, and Maria Harris.  
To conclude with a Comic Ballet by Mr. Fred. Evans and Troupe.  
Musical Director, Kerr Mart Meyder; Stage Manager, Mr. Charles Harris.  
Private Boxes from £1 1s; Stalls, 10s. 6d.; Dress Circle, 7s. 6d.; Upper Boxes, 5s.; Amphitheatre Stalls, 4s.; Pit, 2s. 6d.; Gallery, 1s.  
Box-office, under the direction of Mr. Edward Hall, will be opened on Monday, 24th February.

THEATRE ROYAL, HAYMARKET.  
THE CRISIS (2nd time), a new comedy in 4 acts, adapted by James Albery from Augier's LES FOURCHAMBAULT, the greatest success of the past Paris season. Characters by Mrs. John Wood, Misses Eastlake, M. Abington, and Miss Louise Moodie. Messrs. Howe, Kelly, D. Fisher, jun.; Weathersby, Fielder, and W. Terriss. Every evening at 8.30, and every Saturday morning at 2.30. The comedy preceded every evening by a farce by Percy Fitzgerald, Esq., entitled THE HENWITCHERS. No free list.

LYCEUM.—MR. HENRY IRVING, Sole Lessee and Manager.—Every Evening, at Half-past Seven, Shakespeare's Tragedy of HAMLET. Mr. Irving, Messrs. Forrester, Everill, F. Cooper, Swinbourne, Elwood, Pinero, K. Bellow, Gibson, Tapping, Robinson, Cartwright, Collett, Harwood, Beaumont, Everard, Johnson, A. Andrews, Mead, Miss Pauncefort, Miss Sedley, and Miss Ellen Terry. Stage Manager, Mr. H. J. Loveday. Acting Manager, Mr. Bram Stoker. Box-office open 10 to 5. Carriages at 11.

OLYMPIC THEATRE.—LAST WEEKS OF THE TWO ORPHANS, with its incomparable cast, in consequence of the speedy production of a new play by Mr. W. S. Gilbert. THE TWO ORPHANS, Every Evening, at 7.30. MORNING PERFORMANCE, Saturday next, at two o'clock. LED ASIRAY, by Dion Boucicault. Manager, Mr. Henry Neville. Acting Manager, Mr. George Coleman.

CRITERION THEATRE.  
Lessee and Manager, Mr. CHARLES WYNDHAM.  
Every Evening, at 9, the enormously successful new comedy, TRUTH, by Bronson Howard in which Mr. Charles Wyndham will appear, supported by Messrs. H. Standing, Carton, and W. J. Hill; Mesdames L. Vining, M. Rorke, R. Norwood, F. Vining, R. Egan, F. Lee, and Mrs. Stephens. Preceded at 8 by THE WALL OF CHINA, and at 8.30 by ORANGE BLOSSOMS. Supported by Messrs. Carton, Francis, and Tritton; Mesdames Hewitt, Hilton, and Edgeworth. New scenery by Ryan. Musical Director, Mr. E. Solomon. Box-office open from 10 till 5. No booking fees.—Acting Manager and Treasurer, Mr. H. J. Hutchins.

VAUDEVILLE THEATRE.—Last weeks of OUR BOYS. Every Evening (Ash-Wednesday excepted), at 7.30, ONCE AGAIN; at 8, the most successful comedy, OUR BOYS, written by H. J. Byron (1,319th and following nights). Concluding with A HIGHLAND FLING. Supported by Messrs. William Farren, Thomas Thorne, Garthorne, Bradbury, Austin, and David James, Hargreaves; Mesdames Illington, Bishop, Holme, Richard, Larkin, &c. Acting-Manager, Mr. D. McKay.

PRINCESS'S THEATRE.  
Manager, Mr. WALTER GOOCH.  
Genuine success of Charles Reade's IT'S NEVER TOO LATE TO MEND. Every Evening at 7.45. Free list suspended. Preceded by FAMILIAR FAKS, at 7.

ALHAMBRA THEATRE.—LA POULE AUX ŒUFS D'OR.—EVERY EVENING Mesdames Emily Soldene, C. Vesey, and Constance Loseby; Messrs. Knight Aston, A. Cook, L. Kelleher, C. Power, Mat Robson, and E. Righton. The Girards, M. Bruet and Mlle. Reviere, the celebrated Buffo Duetists. Three Grand Ballets. Mlle. Perteide, Gelert, Rona, and Imra Kokoh (her first appearance in England). Prices from 6d. to £2 12s. 6d. Commence at 7.30.

ROYAL COURT THEATRE.  
Mr. HARE, Lessee and Manager.  
Every Evening, at 7.45, A SCRAP OF PAPER.  
Mrs. W. H. Kendal, Mrs. Gaston Murray, Miss Kate Pattison, Miss C. Graham, Miss Cowle; Mr. W. H. Kendal, Mr. T. N. Wenman, Mr. Mackintosh, Mr. R. Cathcart, Mr. W. Young, Mr. Chevalier. At 10.15, A QUIET RUBBER. Mr. Hare, Mr. T. N. Wenman, Mr. Herbert; Miss M. Cathcart. Doors open at 7.15. Acting-Manager, Mr. Huy.  
SATURDAY MORNING, Feb. 22, at half-past two o'clock, the LADIES' BATTLE, and (for this Morning only) UNCLE'S WULF.

OPERA COMIQUE.  
H.M.S. PINAFORE.—Every evening, this successful nautical opera, by W. S. Gilbert and Arthur Sullivan, by the original artists; Messrs. G. Grossmith, Rutland Barrington, R. Temple, Chilton, and G. Power; Mesdames E. Howson, Everard, and Jessie Bond, at 8.30. Conductor, Mr. Alfred Cellier. Preceded, at 7.45, by CUPS AND SPOONS. Mr. G. Grossmith, and followed by the new Vaudeville, A TIER ALL, by F. Desprez and A. Cellier. The theatre entirely redecorated and renovated.—R. D'Oyly Carte, Manager.

FOLLY THEATRE.  
Proprietor and Manager, Mr. ALEX. HENDERSON.  
Miss Lydia Thompson and Powerful Company (last week).  
Every evening, at 7.30, TWO TO ONE; after which MAN IS NOT PERFECT, a Domestic Drama in one Act, by William Webster, Esq. Mr. Lionel Brough and company. To be followed by the new burlesque (reconstructed) by R. Reece, entitled  
CARMEN, OR SOLD FOR A SONG.  
Miss Lydia Thompson, Mr. Lionel Brough, Mr. John Howson, Mr. Geo. Giddens, Mr. W. Hunch; Mesdames Adelaide Praeger, Annie Forbes, Rozie Tree, Edith Blande, Emily Duncan, Lizzie Coote, Percival, Barnett, and Daisy Angel. Augmented cast. New music. Novel effects. Comic situations.—Acting Manager, Mr. J. C. Scanlan.

NEW GRECIAN THEATRE, City Road.—Sole Proprietor, Mr. George Conquest.—Every Evening at 7 the new Pantomime, HOKEE POKEE. Music by Mr. Oscar H. Barrett. Characters by Mr. G. Conquest and Son, H. Parker, H. Nicholls, Syms, Vincent, &c.; Mesdames Maude Stafford, Du Maurier, Victor, A. and L. Conquest, Inch, &c. Harlequinade by R. Inch, Clow; E. Vincent, Pantaloon; W. Ozmond, Harlequin; Miss Ozmond, Columbine; Sprites, the Bros. Monti. On Ash-Wednesday the Theatre will be closed.

BRITANNIA THEATRE, Hoxton.—Sole Proprietress, Mrs. S. Lane.—Every Evening (Ash-Wednesday excepted) at 6.45, will be presented the Grand and Successful Pantomime, THE MAGIC MULE; OR, THE ASS'S SKIN AND THE PRINCESS TO WIN. Mrs. S. Lane, Mlles. Polly Randall, Summers, Luna, Ada Sidney, Rayner, Newham, Pettifer; Messrs. Fred Foster, Bigwood, Lewis, Kicketts, Wilson, Reeve, Hyde, Tom Lovell. Concluding with A LEGEND OF WEHRENDORF. Messrs. Reynolds, Newbound, Rhyds, Drayton, Towers; Mlles. Bellair, Adams, Brewer.

## EVANS'S,

### COVENT GARDEN.

OPEN AT EIGHT.

Glees, Choruses, Madrigals and Part Songs by EVANS'S CHOIR Conducted by Mr. F. JONGHMANS.

The body of the Hall is reserved exclusively for Gentlemen.

SUPPERS AFTER THE THEATRES.

ADMISSION 2s.

Proprietor . . . . . J. B. AMOR.

### GAIETY THEATRE, STRAND.—Sole

Lessee and Manager, Mr. JOHN HOLLINGSHEAD.  
First Nights of Byron's new farcical piece, UNCLE, at 7.30. Preceded by Operetta, and followed at 9.30 by the successful Burlesque, YOUNG FRA DIAVOLO. Open 6.30. Begin 6.45. Close about 11. Prices from 6d. No Fees. Saturday Afternoon. Performances by the Gaiety Company from 2.30 to 5.

### NATIONAL STANDARD THEATRE, Bishopsgate.

Proprietors and Managers, Messrs. JOHN and RICHARD DOUGLASS.  
The Favourite Actress, Miss Bella Pateman, of the Adelphi Theatre, as Lady Isabel and Madame Vine, in the drama of EAST LYNNE, for a limited number of nights. Monday, Feb. 24th, and following evening, at 7 o'clock, EAST LYNNE, from Mrs. Henry Wood's celebrated novel, Misses Bella Pateman, Rayner, Neville, Goward; Messrs. Manley, Chamberlain Percival, Walton, and full company. Concluding with the drama, THE OLD CHATEAU. In active preparation, the Adelphi drama, PROOF.

### THE CANTERBURY THEATRE OF VARIETIES, TRAFALGAR.

The Victory at Sea. Moorish Dagger Ballet at Gibraltar. The West Indies. Jack ashore at Portsmouth. Songs and Hornpipes. Nelson's Departure from England. Castanet Ballet at Cadiz. On Board the Victory. Musket Drill. Cutlass Drill. Shortening Sail. Beating to Quarters. The Battle. The Death of Nelson.

The Daily Telegraph says:—"Arranged in a manner well calculated to invite an expression of patriotic sympathies and evoke enthusiastic plaudits."  
The Observer says:—"Surpasses anything of the kind ever attempted."

ARIETY ENTERTAINMENT during the Evening:  
Miss Nelly Power, Mr. Arthur Lloyd, Mr. Fred Wilson, the Kiralfys, &c.

### SANGER'S GRAND NATIONAL AMPHITHEATRE, Westminster bridge-road.

The greatest proof of the superiority of Sanger's monster entertainment is the crowded condition of the theatre morning and evening. It is vanity and twaddle on the part of managers of minor theatres to proclaim their pantomime the best while CINDERELLA at Sanger's Amphitheatre is in existence. The superior acting of the company, the costly dresses, the magnificent scenery, the completeness of the entire production, might in truth be called perfection. RICHARD III., realising the Battle of Bosworth Field, and Death of White Surrey. The Circus Company is of the first quality. The Barebacked Ride, the Rope Dancers, the Gymnasts, the wonderful performing Horses, the mirth provoking Clowns (headed by the inimitable Little Sandy), the twelve ponderous performing Elephants, Giraffes, Zebras, Camels, Dromedaries, Llamas, Horned Horses, &c., &c., at each performance. Look at the extraordinary programme—commencing (Mondays, Wednesdays and Saturdays) punctually at two, terminating at 5.15. Evenings at 7, terminating at 10.40. No intervals. Little Sandy, the Great Clown, will make those laugh who never laughed before. The entire programme will be given as advertised. No false announcements. Box-office open from ten till four. Places may also be secured at the principal libraries. Prices from 6d. to £5 5s. Children under ten half-price except to amphitheatre, pit, and gallery.

### SANGER'S GRAND NATIONAL AMPHITHEATRE.—SPECIAL NOTICE.—MORNING PERFORMANCES Every Monday, Wednesday, and Saturday, at Two. Termination, 5.15.

SANGER'S GRAND NATIONAL AMPHITHEATRE.—TUESDAY, February 25th (the Fashionable Night of the Season).—Under the patronage of Sir Thomas White, Ex-Lord Mayor, and other influential families, for the benefit of C. E. Shewart and S. Cooper, General Managers. Special programme. Lieut. Cole, Ventriloquist; Etherdo's Combination; Sultan Massowah; Arabs; Little Sandy; Grand Display of Fireworks; RICHARD III.; and CINDERELLA. Best Pantomime in London. Great Circus Company.

### MYERS' HIPPODROME, AGRICULTURAL HALL.—Largest Company on earth. 200 Horses, 50 Ponies, Troupe of Elephants, Den of Performing Lions, Camels, and Dromedaries. TWICE DAILY, 2.30 and 7.30.

MYERS' GREAT AMERICAN CIRCUS and HIPPODROME, AGRICULTURAL HALL.—500 artists. Derby and St. Leger races by lady riders. Steeplechases and hurdle races. Cooper's trained elephants and lions. Grand Japanese Fair and Ballet. All star artists. 12 clowns. Hall decorated by Legg of Birmingham. Harness fittings by Marshall and Hatch. No draughts. Hall thoroughly warmed. Special arrangements for schools. Children under 10 half-price. Open twice daily. Every morning at 2.30, and every evening at 7.30. Tickets of all London agents, and at Box-office, Agricultural Hall. Admission 3s., 2s., 1s.

### ST. JAMES'S HALL, Piccadilly.

THE MOORE AND BURGESS HOLIDAY ENTERTAINMENT.  
Pronounced by all the leading daily and weekly Papers to be THE BEST AND MOST DELIGHTFUL to be found amidst the whole round of London Amusements.  
EVERY NIGHT AT EIGHT.  
MONDAYS, WEDNESDAYS, and SATURDAYS, at 3 and 8.  
Prices of admission, 5s., 3s., 2s., and 1s. No Fees.

MR. G. W. MOORE'S ANNUAL BENEFIT, ST. JAMES'S GREAT HALL, TUESDAY, March 4, upon which occasion there will be TWO SPECIAL PERFORMANCES given, supported by a large number of the most eminent artists connected with the principal West-end theatres.—Fautouils, 5s.; sofa stall, 3s.; balcony, 2s.; gallery, 1s. Tickets and places can be secured at the Hall daily, from nine a.m. Full details in a few days.

### HAMILTON'S ROYAL AMPHITHEATRE, HOLBORN.

Hamilton's EXCURSIONS and GRAND PANSTEREORAMA of Passing Events, with superb and realistic scenes in Cyprus, England's Ironclad Fleet, the Kyber Pass, Grand National and Patriotic Music by an efficient band. The three-legged Nondescript. The O.I.C.M. Minstrels, the Zulu Warriors, and the Niggers Nick Pick. 6d. to 2s. Stalls, 3s. Nightly at 8. To-day (Saturday) and Monday, at 3 and 8. Will shortly be produced scenes of passing events of the Zulu War.

MR. and MRS. GERMAN REED'S ENTERTAINMENT, St. George's Hall, Langham-place.—A TREMENDOUS MYSTERY, by F. C. Burnand. Concluding with A TRIP TO CAIRO, by Corney Grain. Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, and Friday at 8. Morning Performances, Thursday and Saturday at 3. Admission, 1s. and 2s.; Stalls, 3s. and 5s.

### THE ZOOLOGICAL SOCIETY'S GARDENS, Regent's-park, are Open Daily (except Sundays), from 9 a.m. to sunset. Admission, 1s.; on Monday, 6d.; Children always 6d.

THE LATE MR. PHELPS, as "DR. CANTWELL" drawn from life by Matt. Stretch. A few proof copies on plate paper may be had, price One Shilling each, by post 1s. 1d. Apply to the Publisher, 148, Strand, London.

MR. BARRY SULLIVAN'S Annual Tour of England, Scotland, and Ireland. GAIETY THEATRE, GLASGOW, FEBRUARY 17th, for TWELVE NIGHTS. All the principal Cities of the Empire to follow. All dates filled to end of Tour.—Business Manager, T. S. AMORY.



RAPIER.

H. SCHWEITZER and Co., 10, Adam-street, Adelphi, W.C.



## SPORTING SKETCHES.

## ROASTING AN IMPOSTOR.

The Den, Swannington:

"DEAR OLD MAN,—I met Johnny Liston yesterday, who told me you were in England again. The last time I saw your charming countenance you promised me that when you came back you would come and have a hunt with me; we have three real good meets next week, so on Monday your room will be ready. Johnny is coming, and another man, train leaves Euston at 2 p.m., shall send the trap to Swannington to meet you, only don't let Johnny drive. No refusal accepted.

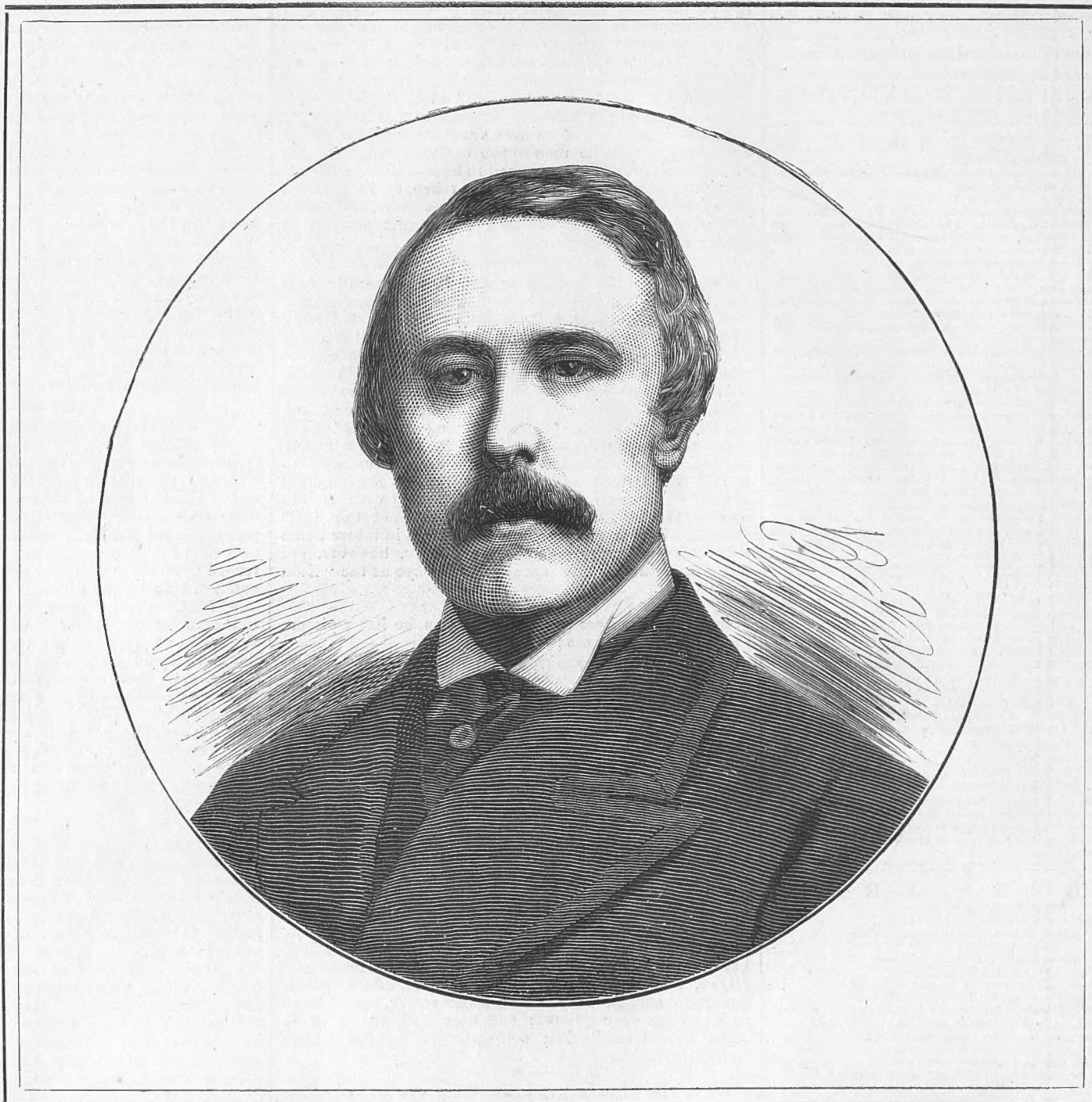
"Yours ever, CHARLES MANSON."

Such was the first letter I opened on coming into my club, one fine morning in the latter end of November; and was no sooner read than I determined I would be with him on the day named. Charlie and I had been great pals, and had ridden and shot together many a day both at home and in India. In the latter country for fourteen months we had lived in the same bungalow, and shared our mutual sorrows, joys, and pay. He had settled down into a steady-going squire, while I had been travelling for two years in Central America and the West Indies, so we had lost sight of each other, though the last form I saw on leaving England was Charlie's, standing on the Quay at Southampton where he had come to see me off. Johnny Liston was also a great friend, a little bit of a chap, about nine stone, neat as a new pin, and moreover, a man who could pick out a good horse, or steer clear of a bad one, with a precision perfectly marvellous. Being a light weight he could mount himself for a song, and anyone was glad to lend him a horse, especially if he wanted to sell it, for I verily believe Johnny would have cut the field down on an animal reserved to convey one to "that" bourne from which no traveller returns; or to put it less poetically, reserved for "black work." Punctually at 1.45, I found myself at Euston Station, and on following the porter who had condescended to look after my baggage, I "spotted" Liston's cheery face peeping out of the window of a first-class "smoker," evidently on the look out for me. "In here, porter," said I; and having taken my seat, fed the man, and staved off the assault of a battalion of newspaper boys, I managed to shake hands with Johnny and ask him the news. He replied by pointing to a brand-new hat-box in the netting labelled "Swannington," with a pile of rugs, crops overcoats, mufflers and an ulster of most startling pattern in the seat below. "Rum-miest beggar you ever saw," quoth J. L.; "I believe he is going to stay at 'The Den,' thinks he is an angel on stilts, and has two horses and 'my fellow' with him. Here he is." At this crisis a tall lean-visaged youth entered the carriage closely attended by "my fellow," and bringing with him the aroma of Atkinson's, Piesse et Lubin, and Rimmel all combined. "Ah! James," said he to his servant; "when we—ar—get to—ar—Swannington, tell that d—d lazy fellow Fwed—ar—to twot the nags up to 'The Den' Mr. Manson's; and heaw, whear did you put my smoking-cap to, and the chewy bwand?" Both articles being produced from the depths of an elaborate travelling-bag with a monogram as big as a decent-sized pelham bit on it, the new-comer proceeded to adorn and refresh himself. The smoking-cap certainly was a thing of beauty, which he confided to me on further acquaintance had been made for him by "a dear little—ar—gurl who was spoony on me." It was bright blue velvet trimmed with gold braid, and a fox's mask worked on the top in beads. After he had finished his libations, he sat down and cast his eye across at Johnny, who was shaking with laughter behind the paper. Then came my turn for inspection, and seeing I was a more favourable subject, he asked me if I was going to hunt? "Yes, sir," I replied; "my friend and myself are going to stay at 'The Den,' where I think I heard you direct your man to go with your horses." (I thought such a great swell ought to be approached with ceremony.) "Ah! you know Charlie, then. Good fellow—can't ride, though ar—then you see he has not had as much practice as I have. You should see my nags, gave Spavin 200 guineas for one and 180 for the other." This was, indeed, news! Charlie not ride! He must have altered amazingly, I thought, in the

last few years as a vision rose before my eyes of a cherry and white coming in a field ahead of everything in a big steeplechase in India, mounted on a brute that everyone said would not jump. I wonder if the man will say Johnny Liston can't ride next. However, Johnny himself having recovered his composure, spoke up and said to our gorgeous acquaintance, "Well, sir, if you can beat Charlie across the Fallowfield country you are a nailer. My name is Liston, and, light weight as I am, it takes me all my time to get on even terms with him, unless," and here he smiled, "there is a brook in the way." I knew what Johnny was alluding to, for water was one of Charlie's *betes noires* ever since he spent the best part of two hours trying to get his horse out, after having himself dived to the bottom of an exceedingly deep stream that ran in Swannington Hollow. What answer he of the smoking cap might have vouchsafed, I cannot tell, for the train pulled up at the ticket platform, and the usual search in every pocket but the right one was instituted. When we ran into Swannington Station there was Charlie himself waiting for us, and, as may be supposed, our meeting was most cordial. He introduced us to our fellow traveller, who we found rejoiced in the name of Belton. I found time to ask Charlie (while Mr. Belton was enquiring of every railway official if they had seen "my fellow") where on earth he picked up such a conceited ass, and he whispered, "Such a joke; his father was my old governor's man of business, and I found this chap swaggering about his horses and riding, so determined to give him a lesson. You will have to ride your best to-morrow, and mind you

Charlie on catching sight of the apron exclaimed, "My dear fellow, what on earth is that thing? you can't ride in it!" "No—ar—don't you see—ar—it comes off when we get to the meet—keeps my leathars dry and clean," was Mr. Belton's answer, but his countenance fell when Johnny said to him, "Well, as we always take a short cut across the fields to the gorse where they meet, I should advise you to dispense with your 'leathar' protector." I saw at once some mischief had been planned, and was confirmed in my opinion when Tom, under pretence of arranging my stirrup, confided to me that the horse I was on could jump any gate in the world. Another minute and off we trotted, or rather sidled, and kicked our way along, Belton, evidently very uncomfortable, shouting for "Fwed to alter his stiwwups." This delayed us for a little time, but eventually we got fairly off and into the Swannington-road, a hundred yards down which we had to strike across the fields, and over a small fence, which was very high disposing of Belton. However, he managed to hang on; then, the way lying through a convenient line of gates, he became somewhat more at ease and began to swagger about the powers of Spavin's 200 guineas worth. Everything was plain-sailing, and as we turned into the field above the trysting-place I began to wonder what the trap could be, when Charlie, who led the van, rode up to a beastly awkward-looking gate, with an uninviting slough of despond on landing and an almost impracticable fence on either side, and made a great show of trying to open it. "D—n it, some ass has locked it. What are we to do?" said he. "We meet the other side of the hill. Here, Belton; you say your horse is a wonder at timber. Give us a lead." Alas, poor Belton! Pale as a sheet he went back and rode at the gate in a half-hearted way, carefully pulling his nag off, exclaiming, "Vewy odd; never knew him wefuse before."

"Swaggering impostor," hissed Johnny, as with a "clear the way" he popped over, followed by Charlie in fits, leaving me with Mr. B—, who addressed me in piteous tones: "Don't—ar—you think—ar—we might take it off its hinges." "No good," shouted Charlie, "it's nailed up, come on." I cannot say I liked it quite, for a gate in cold blood is not a thing I absolutely "hanker" after; however, seeing Johnny (returning with the whole field to see the fun, I hardened my heart, and remembering Tom's words, got over "beautiful." Turning round to Belton I said, "It's all right, come along," and he, in desperation and a blue funk, came at it a thousand miles an hour; but Mr. Spavin's 200 guineas knew better than jump at that pace, and stopped dead short, sending our friend shooting over the gate, where he alighted on his beam ends in a foot of mud, amidst an admiring ring of spectators. When he had satisfied himself he was not dead, and got up, he was a piteous sight. Ichabod indeed! the new pink and the "leathars" a mass of yellow clay, the



LONDON THEATRICAL MANAGERS: No. 3.—MR. HOLLINGSHEAD.

believe all he says in the smoking-room to-night; he is an awluf Ananias. Put Johnny up to it." After a drive home and a warm bath, we all assembled at dinner, where we found Mrs. Manson and a younger sister. If possible, Belton was more perfumed and resplendent than before, and edified the company with accounts of his various deeds of daring, evidently thinking Charlie's sister-in-law ought to make love to him or, anyhow, must admire him immensely. Johnny kept on drawing him out beautifully, and nearly choked himself trying to suppress his risible faculties; indeed, we all had hard work to prevent laughing out loud. In the smoking-room after dinner no one could get a word in edgeways, and as to anybody knowing anything about horses and hounds—save and except Mr. Belton—why it was absurd. In his opinion, at all events.

Next morning was a perfect "southerly wind and a cloudy sky," and after the first shock of turning out of a warm bed into a cold tub was passed, most enjoyable to look on, in a hunting sense. Belton was a picture when he arrived downstairs, very late. Tight-fitting swallow-tailed new pink, white and red striped waistcoat, leathers, patent leather boots with cream tops, and a gold chain to keep the curliest of hats on his well-oiled locks. Breakfast over, the horses were brought round and the fun began. For some reason, best known to Charlie and Tom, his stud groom, they were all considerably "above themselves," and Mr. Spavin's 200 guinea one, notwithstanding his railway journey, especially so; nothing would persuade him that he was not a biped, or quite capable of walking either on his hind or fore legs. Presently Mr. Belton came out with an apron on, and looked at his steed with anything but a happy expression.

market-garden in his button-hole crushed and broken, and the curly hat a very pancake.

"Never mind," said Charlie; "get wisped down and then get on. They've caught your horse, and Liston will ride him over the gate," which he did with a quiet smile of contempt, thereby proving to all that the only true thing Belton had said was that his horse was a good one at timber. With a very bad grace, Belton remounted, and we all rode on to the gorse. A few seconds later the hounds were thrown in, and a full chorus proclaimed a fox at home. Belton, who had lighted a big cigar and sulked off by himself to a corner, managed to head him, and got well d—d for his pains. However the fox made good his point a little lower down, and went straight over the Swannington-brook, which was a little narrower just here. "Now for a finisher," said Johnny, as we galloped down the field; "look at that puppy," and he pointed to Belton, at the mercy of his horse, where the brook was widest. The horse, going at it all abroad, landed with his fore legs only on the opposite bank, and falling back, soused the impostor completely under. Seeing that he scrambled out unhurt, we left him to get his nag out as best he could, and went on. After a capital day's sport, the first run being an hour and ten minutes, with a kill, and an afternoon rattle as hard as we could go for twenty minutes, in which there was much grief, I myself getting three "busters," we rode home, and found that Mr. Belton, "my fellow," and "Fwed," with the horses, had all gone. I doubt if he has ever been down to the Fallowfield country again, Charlie, Johnny, and I always when we meet laugh over the story of "how we roasted the impostor."

BAGATELLE.



## TURFIANA.

THE Woodborough Stud appears to have made a very modest beginning, and there has been none of that trumpeting and puffing about its formation which has distinguished the foundation of many less pretentious ventures. Mr. Howett is following in the steps of another mighty giant of the Ring, "Jock of Oran" to wit, and there must be the makings of a very large affair at his place near Nottingham, the fruits of which we may see this year. Whether it is Mr. Howett's intention to sell or to race the produce we have not been informed; but most of the yearlings will probably come under Mr. Tattersall's pulpit, and a small sample was submitted last year, we fancy, at the Newmarket July Meeting. Munden was a very nice, smart horse, when running under the Union Jack of his owner, but he appears hardly qualified for the headship of so large a concern as that at Woodborough, though Mr. Howett will, doubtless, do him full justice. There are some very well bred mares in the establishment, and in time Munden may work his way upwards, while it is only fair to add that Mr. Howett's belief in the horse's capabilities has taken the very substantial shape of giving him a goodly allowance of the home contingent of mares.

Knight of the Garter and Vanderdecken are not likely to do so well at Ken-nett as at Moorlands, where the former sire took amazingly at first, and though he has never yet begotten anything of really high class, most of his stock win races, and his return is by no means a bad one, as anyone can judge for himself who chooses to dip into the useful statistics at the end of the volume of races past. Vanderdecken's unsightly hocks were always a bar to his success, but he has shown some very commendable youngsters, and his is a rare infusion of running blood; the only combination of Sweetmeat with Melbourne that we can call to mind at the time of writing.

Taking into consideration the many drawbacks in the shape of weather, dearth of cross-country performers, and disinclination of the racing public to venture abroad so early, Kempton Park may be described as fairly successful: and it must not be forgotten that the steeplechase course was a *terra incognita* to horses and riders alike, having been only completed in time for the meeting. However, it was generally agreed that the track had been admirably designed, and the works were well and thoroughly carried out in spite of the elements, which warred against its completion from the very first. Mr. Hyde may be complimented upon his patience and determination in carrying matters through. In other respects the place looked altogether more ship-shape than in its year of inauguration, and the capital of the company has been so economically administered and so judiciously applied that shareholders may well be looking forward to heavy dividends looming in the future. As regards the racing itself, not very much need be said, for the fields were neither large nor important on the first day, and as an old racegoer very truly remarked, "not much above Kingsbury form." But on the Saturday a change came over the scene, and though the clouds were still leaden, and the atmosphere as cold as Siberia, many more people journeyed down the Thames Valley, and the stands were fairly filled with Saturday half-holiday makers. And the great race of the afternoon was a success from every point of view, some really good cattle cutting in, and he will be a lucky man who can find anything to bowl over the "rosy god" at Aintree, for Bacchus jumps beautifully, and is another star hailing from Erin's Isle, which may be congratulated on its steeplechase if not upon its performers on the Flat. Mr. Dunlop has made a lucky purchase, and by no means a dear one, and as his horse escapes a penalty at Liverpool, R. l'Anson may well be sanguine of having his first winning mount in the cross-country Derby. Advance ran a fairly good horse, but he will be all the better for more work, and his great speed must serve him in the end.

The Cleveland Agricultural Society held its fourth show of entire

horses at Guisbrough last week, and it is gratifying to chronicle another thorough success. Not only was the entry of nine competitors for the £100 prize a good one numerically, but quality was well represented, and the judges were ample pleased with the specimens exhibited. The prize fell this year to The Muleteer, who will accordingly have to travel the Cleveland district at a fixed fee during his "year of office." The winner is in most respects a horse well adapted to business, and is by Mogador (a King Tom horse) out of Roma, by Oxford, her dam Area, by Gladiator, so it will be seen that his pedigree leaves nothing to be desired on the score either of stoutness or fashion. Mogador will be remembered as the sire of the Grand National winner Pathfinder, so that the gift of jumping may be said to reside in the family, and The Muleteer will doubtless be in request for hunting mares. Being in his sixth year, he may be reckoned as quite in his prime, and it is gratifying to be able to record that so far the system of prize giving and its results has worked well, the stallions finding plenty of occupation, and leaving behind them a plentiful crop of foals, mostly very promising, while a change of blood year by year prevents the district from being "overdone" with the stock of one sire, a most undesirable state

has long delayed making his mark at the stud, has "come" with a vengeance at last, and it will be duly noted that the Marshal is out of a Melbourne mare, blood until lately held in very slight repute, but now likely to come prominently into fashion after the bold front shown by Peter, Sefton, and other cracks, which can all of them trace up to old Humphrey Clinker on their dams' side. It is rather difficult to gauge with any precision the chance of Marshal Scott for the Derby, but the withdrawal of Peter has naturally "let up" a number of those candidates which seemed found to play second fiddle to the late General Peel's trump card, and we shall expect to see good fields for the big events both at Newmarket and Epsom. At present, however, there are several horses we prefer to Marshal Scott for the Derby, though we must not be understood as "crabbing" him altogether, more especially as the colt was by no means one of the forward and precocious lot last year, but rather the contrary, and he seemed likely to benefit by rest and indulgence, which we are assured he has done. As regards his breeding, it will be seen that Marshal Scott has two crosses of Melbourne, but is not built on the lines of that celebrity, showing, as he does, plenty of quality, and few better-looking ones will strip in the paddock on Derby Day, if all goes well with Mr. Ellam's colt. Matthew Dawson is reported to be very fond of him, and his owner's success "on his native heath" would be well received.

As the result of a visit paid to the Royal Stud at Hampton Court last week, we are glad to be able to report not only a clean bill of health, but also a vast change for the better in the quality of sires now standing "on Her Majesty's service." Many of the new acquisitions to the collection of brood mares are also highly desirable, notably a Sister to Viridis, Crann Tair, and other really good class animals which was all that was required to put matters straight after recent misfortunes and misunderstandings. The matrons of the Royal establishment now number upwards of two-score, and though there are but few foals as yet, most of the mares are in the happy state, which is saying a good deal after the ravages caused by disease last year, the result of which, at least in most places, is a long list of barren beauties. The yearlings are twenty-six in number, but with only six colts among them, and these mostly late foals, the epidemic having wreaked its vengeance upon the early blossoms of the stronger sex, and a terrible contribution to the death-rate was levied by that visitation. We were glad to see the yearlings back in their own enclosures, which last may be said to have been thoroughly purified and disinfected, and still more rejoiced were we to see some black Scotch polled cattle busily engaged in helping their equine companions to keep down the herbage. These will doubtless be of great benefit as consumers of the coarse and rank stuff, leaving the yearlings to pick out the few dainty morsels so precious at this time, when the



THE LATE GENERAL PEEL.

of things, and which the executive acted most judiciously in avoiding.

Notwithstanding the horrors of the past winter, the season has been far from an unhealthy one among blood stock generally, for both trainers and breeders can show clean bills of health everywhere, and as regards the latter a pleasing state of things prevails as compared with the terrible visitations of disease last winter, when foals were dying by the score. Of course there are a good many barren mares about, but next year we hope all will come right again, and in the meantime a diminution in the number of yearlings offered for sale will be less felt than at periods of brisker business in that market.

Resuming our Derby dissertation, we next arrive at the name of Marshal Scott, who demands attention not only on account of his very smart performance at Lewes and his second to Peter in the Hopeful Stakes at Newmarket, but because he is almost certain to be the sheet anchor of the powerful Heath House stable, which this year can show no very formidable candidate for Epsom honours in the Falmouth string. However, Mr. Ellam seems likely to furnish a very worthy substitute, and report speaks highly of the way in which Marshal Scott has wintered. He is a very handsome horse, and a credit to his sire, Ethus, who, though he

craving for spring grass cannot yet be satisfied. Prince Charlie, Cremorne, Adventurer, Winslow, Macaroni, and other grand seigneurs of the stud are all worthily represented in the yearling contingent; and the disastrous lessons of previous years have not been forgotten, lessons inculcating the policy of casting about for fashionable alliances abroad, instead of relying too much upon home resources, be they never so rich and desirable. With this end in view, well nigh a moiety of the Royal mares will be despatched to various headquarters of the crack sires of the day, and while well-trying sources of blood have not been neglected, it has been wisely determined to patronise rising talent, and accordingly such stallions as Doncaster, Blue Gown, and Cremorne have long ago been requisitioned, and the powers that be have also extended their patronage to Lord Lyon and others of what we may term the *paires conscripti* of the stud. Reverting to the yearlings, it is not our intention to enter into the details we shall presently have occasion to finish with regard to the shape and pedigree of each, but we can assure our readers that no reproach can attach to any but a very few of them in regard of size, and that a good many new names are to be found among the list of dams. Some old "household words" of course still remain, but even these ancient landmark



will soon be swept away, as a younger generation pushes them from their stools, and occupies them in turn.

It is, however, more with the stallions that we are concerned, and with Springfield and Petrarch as "leaders," and Winslow and General Peel as "juniors," every justice will be done to the Royal cause by these holding briefs in the case. Springfield worthily occupies old Orlando's box (which, in the theatrical parlance, has been redecorated and renewed throughout), for not only was the magnificent son of St. Albans foaled in these paddocks, but he can also claim descent, through Marsyas, from the grand old horse whose former habitation he now inherits. Contrary to general experience, Springfield does not look so big as when in training, it being his custom to fine down during the winter while in Ryan's hands; but it is all the better for him, in that he is likely to escape the many evils incident to high feeding, confinement, and enforced idleness. The most fastidious critic in horse-flesh might wish his neck an inch or so longer, but then, as has been jocularly remarked, it has so seldom been "stretched" that this slight and almost imperceptible drawback need not be taken into consideration. Hard by is the first of his get, a chestnut colt from Miss Marion, and in the adjoining box a strapping Macaroni colt gambols by Sunshine's side. Next to Springfield stands Winslow, a very different stamp of horse, without much of his sire about him, and sadly lacking in girth, though his bone is good, and most of his stock seem to strain back to "Clifden." He is a bright bay, with the blackest of points, and his being "such a getter up stairs" is amply accounted for if you stand behind him and note his great width of square quarters, goodly second thighs, and clean, well-formed hocks. There is nothing to remind us of King Tom about him. Perhaps the Orlando strain has overpowered his Harkaway cross, and certainly the same influence has shown itself all-powerful in the case of his near relative next door, where Petrarch stands for his first season after a chequered but not inglorious turf career—the handsomest horse in England. Place him as you like, you can't put him wrong, while from his head to his heels he is quality throughout, but not such a real swell at present as time will make him, being now in that transitional state so unfavourable for superficial inspection, though to the critical eye he stands confessed a splendid model of the race-horse. General Peel gets more like his sire every season, with his long back, bent fore legs, and high quarters, but he never got half a good one yet, and perhaps the hearts of his sons and daughters, like his own, are too much of the "mouse" order. Still, his mares may be valuable at no very distant date, and Hampton Court would be unlike its former self did it not retain a scion of the house of Melbourne upon its establishment. Upon the occasion of our next visit we shall go more fully into descriptions of the yearlings, but we cannot take our leave of the old place without an expression of gratification at its brighter prospects, and of hope that good times may yet be in store for the Royal Stud, which must needs have its vicissitudes of good fortune and ill, like kindred establishments, and now seems about to emerge from the cloud which has lately enveloped it.

SKYLARK.

## MUSIC.

### CARL ROSA OPERA COMPANY.

THE Carl Rosa Opera Company's performances at Her Majesty's Theatre have been continuously successful. The only addition made to the repertory of the season during the past week was Vincent Wallace's *Maritana*, produced on Monday last. Mr. Maas on this occasion appeared for the first time (in London) in the character of Don Cesar de Bazan, and, as usual, made a great success. He acted the part with much spirit and humour, and his singing was excellent. Miss Georgina Burns undertook the rôle of Maritana, in which she has appeared with great success in the provinces. She is still a novice in stage matters, and her acting and facial expression (the latter especially) are wanting in the power which can only come from study and experience, but she showed much histrionic aptitude. Her vocalisation, like her acting, stands in need of further polish, but she executed the florid music of the first act with considerable ability, and it was a pleasure to listen to her fresh bright voice. How ably Miss Yorke (Lazarillo) and Mr. F. H. Celli (Don José) acquitted themselves in familiar characters it is needless to say. Mr. Snazelle as King Charles sang effectively, and the minor rôles of the Marquis and Marchioness were effectively filled by Mr. Brooklyn and Miss Ella Collins. Mr. Carl Rosa conducted with his invariable ability, and the familiar opera was heartily relished by the large audience. *Carmen*, which continues to attract crowded houses, was repeated on Tuesday and Thursday last, and is announced for this evening. *Rienzi* is announced for performance this afternoon, and was also advertised for last Wednesday evening, but was withdrawn and *Faust* substituted, owing to the illness of Madame Vanzini. *The Bohemian Girl* was announced for last night. Next week *Rienzi* will be given on Monday and Saturday, *Carmen* on Tuesday, and also on Saturday afternoon; *The Huguenots* on Thursday. Wednesday next being Ash Wednesday, there will be no performance at Her Majesty's Theatre, although the music-halls will be open as usual.

When we speak of "English Opera" we mean, as we have often before explained, operas performed with English words. The frequenters of the Royal Italian Opera and of Her Majesty's Opera do not visit those establishments in order to hear "Operas in Italian," but "Italian Operas"—*id est*, operas, mostly composed by German and French musicians, performed in the Italian language. Surely, the privilege conceded to Italian operatic artists, of classifying as "Italian" operas the works of Mozart and Meyerbeer, Gounod and Bizet, Wallace and Balfe—when sung to Italian adaptations—may justly be claimed by English operatic artists, and the generic term "English Opera" should designate all operas performed in the English language?

AT THE MONDAY POPULAR CONCERT on Monday last, the 27th concert of the 21st season, the programme contained Schubert's ever-welcome quartette in D minor, op. 161 (MM. Joachim, Ries, Zerbini, and Piatti); three of Scarlatti's unduly neglected pianoforte sonatas, admirably played by Mdle. Marie Krebs; a trio in E minor by Spohr (first time of performance at these concerts) for pianoforte (Mdle. Krebs), violin (Herr Joachim), and violoncello (Signor Piatti); and Beethoven's sonata in G major, op. 30, for pianoforte (Mdle. Krebs), and violin (Herr Joachim). The Spohr trio was admirably played, and was rendered additionally enjoyable by the luminous and elaborate analysis furnished by Mr. J. W. Davison,—*facile princeps* in the art of which he is the originator. Spohr is more famous for masterly work than for melodic inspiration, and the E minor trio is a characteristic example of his style. Mr. Cummings being unfortunately indisposed, his place was efficiently filled by Mr. Thorndike, who sang with success vocal works by Buononcini and Jensen.

THE VIARD-LOUIS CONCERT (the 4th of the season) given at St. James's Hall on Tuesday last attracted a large audience, for whom abundant entertainment was provided. The splendid band did ample justice to Cherubini's overture to *Anacreon*, Beethoven's Pastoral Symphony, the orchestral accompaniments to Mozart's pianoforte concerto in D minor, and Spohr's violin concerto in E minor, Mr. Weist Hill's piquant "Gavotte for Strings," a clever

overture to *Twelfth Night*, composed by Mr. Francis Davenport, and Baron Bodog Orey's "Hungarian Ballet Music," from his opera *The Renegade*, conducted by the composer. The pianoforte part in the concerto of Mozart was ably played by Madame Jenny Viard-Louis. Herr Joachim was the violinist, and his superb execution of Spohr's great concerto elicited enthusiastic applause. Of the chief novelty in the programme—the *Renegade* ballet music—it will be charitable to say as little as possible. The vocalist was Miss Emma Beasley, who sang in good style the scena from *Der Freischütz*, and Rubinstein's poor and uninteresting song, "The dew it shines." Mr. Weist Hill's masterly conducting merits warm praise.

Mendelssohn's *St. Paul* was performed last week by the Royal Albert Hall Choral Society, assisted by Mrs. Osgood, Miss Fonblanque, Mr. Shakespeare (né Mr. Vernon Rigby, indisposed), Herr Heschel, and other artists. Organist, Dr. Stainer; conductor, Mr. Barnby.

The first concert of the Schubert Society's thirteenth season was announced to take place last night at the Langham Hall.

The second concert of the London Philharmonic Society was given on Thursday last, too late for notice this week. The programme included two symphonies, Sterndale Bennett's G minor and Beethoven's No. 8; and two overtures, *Le Carnaval Romain*, by Berlioz; and *Preciosa*, by Weber. Herr Joachim was to play Spohr's violin concerto in D minor, No. 9, and the vocalist was Madame Edith Wynne; conductor, Mr. W. G. Cousins.

The second concert of the Blackheath Orchestral Society was given, on Monday last, at the Blackheath Skating Rink, under the direction of Mr. Alfred Burnett and Mr. G. E. Blunden. Several important orchestral and choral works were ably executed, and the concert, at which Miss Catherine Penna and Signor Gustave Garcia were the principal vocalists, was one of the best given by this flourishing society.

Madame Norman Néruda will make her last appearance this season at the Saturday Popular Concert this day week.

Mr. Walter Bache's 15th annual concert will be given at St. James's Hall next Tuesday evening. A select band of 93 performers will be conducted by Mr. August Manns, and Mr. Walter Bache will play pianoforte solos by Beethoven, Chopin, and Liszt.

At the Royal Academy of Music a "Students' Concert" will be given this evening, under the direction of Mr. Walter Macfarren, and tickets may be obtained of the secretary, Mr. John Gill.

The 24th season of Mr. Henry Leslie's choir will commence on Thursday next, when an "international concert" will be given, at which works by modern French composers will be performed.

The Sacred Harmonic Society will on Friday next perform Spohr's *Last Judgment*, and Mozart's 12th Mass, *alias* "Service." Conductor, Sir Michael Costa.

Signor Orsini, late assistant conductor at Her Majesty's Opera, has, on the ground of "surprise," obtained leave for a new trial of his claim against Mr. Mapleson for damages for wrongful dismissal. Sir Michael Costa, and other eminent musicians, who would have been called on behalf of Signor Orsini at the former trial, but for the "surprise" furnished by the unexpected evidence of a (supposed) favourable witness, will give evidence at the ensuing trial.

## THE DRAMA.

### COURT THEATRE.

We cannot agree with those critics who have found fault with *The Ladies' Battle* on the ground that there is nothing sympathetic in it. Surely the incidents which deal with the attempt to hide a gallant soldier from those who seek his life, and the surrender of him, to her rival, by the woman who loves him so dearly, constitute a story which is likely to touch the hearts of an audience, always supposing that the characters are adequately represented. At the Court it need hardly be said that every requirement is met; indeed, it is probable that no such perfect performance of the piece had been given hitherto upon the London boards. Whether so artistic an *ensemble* had ever been obtained in France may even be doubted, though some great names have appeared in the bills of different houses as impersonators of the Countess d'Autreval. Mrs. Kendal fills this character at the Court with finished art, admirably elaborated in detail without in any way losing breadth and power. Mr. Hare is the Baron de Montrichard, and when it is said that the picture may be allowed a place in the choice little gallery which this remarkable actor has designed, the merit of the performance will be readily understood. Mr. Kendal takes the part of Gustave de Grignon, with which the name of the late Mr. Leigh Murray is so closely associated, and acts with an amount of humour which will surprise many who have seen him only in serious parts. The Henri de Flavigneul of Mr. W. Herbert in no way fell below the general excellence. This able young actor has perhaps never before been seen to such advantage. The ease and animation of his well-considered rendering of the part are full of promise. Finally, Miss Grahame made a charmingly innocent and girlish Leonie. The decorations of the chamber—where the action of the piece takes place—were extremely handsome, though the open windows at the back of the scene, which rendered a surprise from the enemy so painfully possible, are certainly inappropriate. The piece will be repeated this (Saturday) morning, and we can most cordially recommend a visit to all who care to see a remarkably clever and interesting play superbly acted.

### DUKE'S THEATRE.

*New Babylon*, by Mr. Paul Meritt, produced on Thursday, the 13th inst., although far from faultless, is likely to change the fortune of this hitherto "unfortunate" theatre. The drama is not positively new, as it found favour in the eyes of a Manchester audience as far back as June last. Mr. G. F. Rowe was then announced as joint author, but his name does not appear on the present programme. The plot is complicated, so complicated, in fact, that any endeavour to unravel the mystery relating to the parentage of the principal female character seems useless. This is all the more perplexing, as the mystery is apparently explained—to the author's satisfaction—in the dialogue. *New Babylon* contains all the improbabilities usually found in dramas of the same class. Swindlers and welshers are on a perfectly level footing with delicately-nurtured ladies; a Jew whom no one would trust with half a crown "to show his confidence" is received with open arms in Tattersall's; detectives whose every movement betrays their calling, and whose attire might be distinguished at half a mile, are always on the spot when wanted, and frequently when not wanted; jockeys sell races for love of women, not lucre; drunken hags rave in Belgravian drawing-rooms; and human life is the cheapest commodity in the market. *New Babylon* is written with a due appreciation of the value of action and constant change—both great necessities in the construction of the so-called sensational drama. The scenery is realistic, bold, and effective, the best scene being the "View of the Thames from the Embankment" in the third act, though there is certainly no such architecture in the Adelphi

Terrace as that here depicted. The wreck of the "Antarctic" in mid-ocean is a very fine mechanical effect, and found much favour with the audience. Goodwood Racecourse is a fairly effective set, not representing any racecourse in particular. In this scene the crowd mob a welsher; this should be cut out, as however true it may be to real life, it is neither edifying nor amusing to see a man partially stripped in full view of the audience. Cremorne Gardens is a good bustling scene with a great many realistic effects. Mr. Rogers, the scenic artist, is to be congratulated on his success, the scenery alone being well worth a visit. The audience soon showed their appreciation of Mr. Rogers' talent by calling him on before the end of the prologue and two or three times during the piece. There are between thirty and forty named characters, rather a formidable list, but fortunately the majority have little or nothing to do in the action. There is one of those pests of the playgoer, a dual heroine, sometimes called Eunice, sometimes Bel Lorrimer, "The Queen of the Demi-monde"—played, and well played, by Miss Caroline Hill. Miss Agnes Thomas as Madge Maltby, and Miss May Holt as Dora Sparkes, her friend, gave every satisfaction. Miss Rose Dale, as a gin-sodden old hag, of most repulsive appearance, did well, but it is pitiable to see a lady cast for such an objectionable character. Mr. Jones Finch played Hiram Maltby, and seemed to be lost in the general confusion of daughters; however, he deserves praise, as after being well knocked on the head in one scene, he walks about in the next and exhibits wonderful conversational power. Mr. J. A. Arnold as Ramirez, a Mexican desperado, was an extremely heavy villain. Mr. G. L. Gordon, as Vincent Wayne, "heir to a baronetcy," did fairly well where he was not called upon to use sentiment; after one or two representations doubtless he will improve. A good part, and a very well played one, was the O'Sligo of Mr. G. F. Sinclair, and Mr. Henry Vernon did his best as a goody-goody young man called Jack Randall. Mr. Glenny gave an amusing caricature of a silly young swell, a willing victim, named Johnny Lamb; and Mr. Percy Bell, as Tiny Spurts, a jockey, who ruins himself and dies for love of Bel Lorrimer, had a part entirely unsuited to his undoubted talent. Ah Luck, a Chinese servant, was safe in the hands of Mr. J. G. Wilton. Mr. Clarence Holt played the irresistible Yankee detective, Flotsam, with great spirit, but his clothing and general appearance is altogether too pronounced. He should remember he is chasing a man quite as clever as himself. As Ezra Lazarek, a rascally Jew, in league with Ramirez and O'Sligo, Mr. Charles Wilmot holds his own. *New Babylon* should draw full houses to the Duke's for some time to come.

Mr. Charles Calvert will produce an original drama entitled *Æsop; or, the Golden Bubble* at the Prince of Wales's Theatre, Birmingham, on Monday, March 3, in which he will perform the principal character. The play will be placed on the stage in the usual complete manner for which Mr. Calvert is so justly famed. At the conclusion of the Birmingham engagement a tour is arranged.

Mrs. Charles Calvert will this (Saturday) evening conclude a short but highly successful engagement at the Pavilion Theatre, Southport, where she has appeared as Antigone in the tragedy of that name.

## THE AMATEURS.

Amateurs are requested to send early notice of any performance they desire announced or reviewed—in the latter case enclosing a programme and two tickets. Advertisements must be forwarded to the Publisher by first post on Thursday mornings to insure insertion in the current week's issue.

LANGHAM HALL.—A performance in aid of the schools of St. Mary's, Primrose-hill, drew a large audience upon the evenings of the 3rd and 4th of February last. The pieces played by a scratch company were Mr. Byron's *Partners for Life* and Mr. Williams's well known farce of  *Ici on Parle Français*. The comedy, which came first, was played rather unevenly, and wanted a good deal more rehearsing. The smallness of the hall did not make matters any smoother for the eleven characters who had to crowd on and off the stage. Mr. Skilbeck as Muggles (the butler) succeeded in playing a difficult part well. Next in merit we must place Miss Emily Barnes for her capital rendering of Miss Mervyn, the heroine of the piece, or rather one of the heroines, for Fanny Smith (played in this instance by Miss Dunphy), might certainly also be termed a heroine. Of the others no special mention is necessary: Mr. W. R. Arbutnot as Horace Mervyn; Mr. Alfred Ellerton as Tom Gilroy; Mr. Wild as Sir Archibald; Mr. Snow as Major Billiter; Mr. Sumner as Ernest; Mr. Gough as Goppinger; and Mrs. Fuller as Miss Priscilla, were moderately good, and more or less at their ease, Mrs. Fuller too much so, for she almost sat through the piece.

THEATRE ROYAL, SHREWSBURY.—We are informed that a capital performance was given here on the 12th and 13th by the Shrewsbury Amateur Opera-bouffe and Dramatic Society. The pieces selected were *The Babes in the Wood*, *Brave the Martyr*, *Poor Pilloccody*, and *Love Wins*. Messrs. Lavender, Cross, Stanley, Clintock, Phillips, Lett, Downes, Sellmann, Mathews, Roof King, and Misses Mitchell, Kearney, Brightwell, and Davis filled the various parts. We understand the performance was given in the hope of extricating the society from an unsatisfactory financial position.

On Saturday last the "Erratics" invited their friends to an entertainment at the Bijou Theatre, Bayswater. The performance commenced with *Time and the Hour*, in which the principal parts were played by Mrs. Maurice Davis, Miss Zoe Clifford, and Messrs. Trollope, Bayfield, and Stephens. The piece, which was rather a difficult one for amateurs, went with a degree of smoothness which was highly creditable. *Cut off with a Shilling* followed. The hall was crowded with a very enthusiastic audience.

THE Carlton Hill Cricket Club dramatic performances and other notices have been held over, in consequence of want of space.

"A FASHIONABLE NIGHT" is announced at Sanger's Amphitheatre on Saturday, February 25 (to-day), for the benefit of Messrs. Charles E. Stuart and Sidney Cooper, the general managers. The programme of the evening will be enriched with many attractive and several novel features, some being entirely new. We wish our excellent managers a genuine "bumper."

POOR old Saville House, with all its fluctuating fortunes and interesting associations, is destined to be but a memory in the land. A limited liability company has purchased the building, and have prepared to erect upon its site a combined theatre and restaurant. The proposed capital to be employed is £100,000. The architect will be Mr. E. L. Paraire, and those who have seen his designs speak highly of their very ornamental and effective character. The site covers an area of 16,000 square feet, affording space enough for crush-rooms, lounges, and a commodious café-restaurant, embracing billiard-rooms, buffets, and other accessory departments. The dramatic performances are to be of a specially light and amusing character, including ballet and opéra-bouffe on a grand scale. New streets and other extensive improvements are included in the scheme. The café will be managed by Mr. Alexander Henderson.



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## REVIEWS.

*Facts about Champagne and other Sparkling Wines.* By HENRY VIZETELLY, London: Ward, Lock & Co., 1879.

"If we had been there," says Lord Beaconsfield, in "The Young Duke," speaking of a dinner at Charles Annesley's, "we should have devoted ourselves to one of the sparkling sisters, for one wine, like one woman, is sufficient to interest one's feelings for four and twenty hours. Fickleness we abhor." How far the maturer judgment of the Premier confirms this opinion written, as he himself explains, when he was young, and "when George the Fourth was king," we are unable to say, but it is certain that there is a good deal of truth in his remarks. It is surely a sensible thing to have but one wine at dinner, and if such a rule be adhered to, doubtless most people, like Lord Beaconsfield, would prefer one of the sparkling sisters. Medical men nowadays say so much in favour of claret, and are so lavish of testimonials to spirits, that we are apt to lose sight of the dietetic value of champagne, though Dr. Druitt declares it to be "a true stimulant to body and mind, alike rapid, volatile, transitory, and harmless." He states, further, that "there is something exciting in the wine, doubly so in the sparkling wine, which the moment it touches the lips sends an electric telegram of comfort to every remote nerve." Thus, then, champagne drinkers may quote that and many more medical opinions in praise of their favourite wine, while if they wish to know all about its growth and manufacture they cannot do better than turn to the book before us. Mr. Henry Vizetelly, who was a wine juror at the Vienna and Paris Exhibitions, 1873 and 1878, has written on wines before, but he has never done so after a pleasanter fashion than in this volume. The subject of champagne, indeed, seems to have inspired him, as the wine is said to do those who drink it, and he is perpetually departing from the beaten track of statistics and descriptions to indulge in enthusiastic eulogy of the glorious vintage of which he treats. The book commences with a chapter on the origin of champagne; we then come to the vintage in the Champagne, the vineyards of the river and those of the mountain. Next is a chapter on the vines of the Champagne and the system of cultivation, and then an elaborate description of the preparation of the vine. This chapter is particularly interesting, and in it we learn how the wine is treated after it comes from the press, how it is racked and blended, how any deficiency or excess of effervescence is dealt with, of the strength of the bottles, how they are stored and shaken, how the *vin brut* is transformed to champagne, of the disgorging and of the liqueuring, the corking, stringing, wiring, and amalgamating, and finally how the wine's agitated existence is brought to an end, and it sets out on its "beneficial pilgrimage" through the world. How that is accomplished Mr. Vizetelly shall say in his own words:—

"Thus completed, champagne sets out on its beneficial pilgrimage to promote the spread of mirth and lightheartedness, to drive away dull care and foment good-fellowship, to comfort the sick and cheer the sound. Wherever civilisation penetrates, champagne sooner or later is sure to follow; and if Queen Victoria's morning drum beats round the world, its beat is certain to be echoed before the day is over by the popping of champagne-corks. Nowadays the exhilarating wine graces not merely princely, but middle-class dinner-tables, and is the needful adjunct at every *petit souper* in all the gayer capitals of the world. It gives a flush to beauty at garden-parties and picnics, sustains the energies of the votaries of Terpsichore until the hour of dawn, and imparts to many a young gallant the necessary courage to declare his passion. It enlivens the dulllest of *réunions*, brings smiles to the lips of the sternest cynics, softens the most irascible tempers, and loosens the most taciturn tongues. The grim Berliner and the gay Viennese both acknowledge its enlivening influence. It sparkles in crystal goblets in the great capital of the North, and the Moslem wipes its creamy foam from his beard beneath the very shadow of the mosque of St. Sophia; for the Prophet has only forbidden the use of wine, and of a surety—Allah be praised!—this strangely-sparkling delicious liquor, which gives to the true believer a foretaste of the joys of Paradise, cannot be wine. At the diamond-fields of South Africa and the diggings of Australia the brawny miner who has hit upon a big bit of crystallised carbon, or a nugget of virgin ore, strolls to the "saloon" and shouts for champagne. The mild Hindoo imbibes it quietly, but approvingly, as he watches the evolutions of the Nautch girls, and his partiality for it has already enriched the Anglo-Bengalee vocabulary and London slang with the word "simkin." It is transported on camel-backs across the deserts of Central Asia, and in frail canoes up the mighty Amazon. The two-sworded Daimio calls for it in the tea-gardens of Yokohama, and the New Yorker, when not rinsing his stomach by libations of iced-water, imbibes it freely at Delmonico's. Wherever civilised man has set his foot—at the base of the Pyramids and at the summit of the Cordilleras, in the mangrove swamps of Ashantee and the gulches of the Great Lone Land, in the wilds of the Amoor and on the desert isles of the Pacific—he has left traces of his presence in the shape of the empty bottles that were once full of the sparkling vintage of the champagne."

Succeeding chapters of the book treat of all the famous champagne establishments of Reims, the names of many of them being, of course, household words in this country, and then we have accounts of the firms of Epernay of Ay, and of Maréuil, with the cellars at Avize and Rilly. Mr. Vizetelly seems to be an observant traveller, and to have had all possible facilities afforded him for inspecting cellars and tasting the various famous brands offered to competition in the markets of the world, while his remarks on the various wines are shrewd and just. As a sample, to use a wine merchant's phrase, of this portion of the book, we cannot do better than select for quotation the description of the establishment of Périnet et Fils, of Reims, the introducers of the fine champagne of that name:—

"Leading from the Rue du Tambour is the Rue de la Belle Image, thus named from a handsome statuette of the Virgin which formerly decorated a corner niche; and beyond is the Rue St. Hilaire, where Messrs. Barnett et Fils, trading under the designation of Périnet et Fils, and the only English house engaged in the manufacture of champagne, have an establishment which is certainly as perfect as any to be found in Reims. Above-ground are several large store-rooms, where vintage casks and the various utensils common to a champagne establishment are kept, and a capacious cellar, upwards of 150 feet in length, with its roof resting on huge timber supports. Here new wine is stored preparatory to being blended and bottled, and in the huge tun, holding nearly 3,000 gallons, standing at the further end, the firm make their *cuvée*, while adjacent is a room where stocks of corks and labels, metal foil, and the like are kept."

"There are three storeys of cellars—an exceedingly rare thing anywhere in the Champagne—all constructed in solid masonry on a uniform plan—namely, two wide galleries running parallel with each other and connected by means of transverse passages. Spite of the great depth to which these cellars descend, they are perfectly dry; the ventilation, too, is excellent, and their different temperatures render them especially suitable for the storage of champagne, the temperature of the lowest cellar being 6 deg. Centigrade (43 deg. Fahrenheit), or one degree Centigrade below the cellar immediately above, which in its turn is two degrees below the uppermost one of all. The advantage of this is that when the wine develops an excess of effervescence any undue

proportion of breakages can be checked by removing the bottles to a lower cellar, and consequently into a lower temperature."

"The first cellars we enter are closely stacked with wine in bottle, which is gradually clearing itself by the formation of a deposit, while in an adjoining cellar on the same level the operations of disgorging, liqueuring, and corking are going on. In the cellars immediately beneath, bottles of wine repose in solid stacks ready for the *dégorgement*, while others rest in racks in order that they may undergo their daily shaking. In the lowest cellars reserved wine in cask is stored, as it best retains its natural freshness and purity in a very cool place. All air is carefully excluded from the casks, any ullage is immediately checked, and as evaporation is continually going on, the casks are examined every fortnight, when any deficiency is at once replenished. At Messrs. Périnet et Fils, as at all the first class establishments, the *vin brut* is a *mélange* comprising the produce of some of the best vineyards, and has every possible attention paid to it during its progressive stages of development."

"Champagnes of different years were here shown to us, all of them soft, light, and delicate, and with that fine flavour and full perfume which the best growths of the Marne alone exhibit. Among several curiosities submitted to us was a still Verzenay of the year 1857, one of the most delicate red wines it was ever our fortune to taste. Light in body, rich in colour, of a singularly novel and refined flavour, and with a magnificent yet indehnable bouquet, the wine was in every respect perfect. Not only was the year of the vintage a grand one, but the wine must have been made with the greatest possible care and from the most perfect grapes for so delicate a growth to have retained its flavour in such perfection, and preserved its brilliant ruby colour for such a length of time. From the samples shown to us of Périnet et Fils' champagne, we were prepared to find that at some recent tastings in London, the particulars of which have been made public, their "Extra Sec" took the first place at each of the three severe competitions to which it was subjected."

As the title indicates, other sparkling wines as well as champagnes are dealt with in this book. We have descriptions of sparkling Saumur and Sauterne, of the wines of Burgundy and the Jura, the sparkling wines of the South of France, and two very readable chapters on those of Germany. Nor are the sparkling wines of Austro-Hungary, Switzerland, Italy, Spain, and Russia forgotten, while we have also some notes on those of America, notably on the Catawba, of which Longfellow sings:—

There grows no vine  
By the haunted Rhine,  
By Danube or Guadalquivir,  
Nor on island nor cape,  
That bears such a grape  
As grows by the Beautiful River.  
Very good in its way  
Is the Verzenay,  
Or the Sillery, soft and creamy,  
But Catawba wine  
Has a taste more divine.  
More dulcet, delicious and dreamy.

The book concludes with a variety of facts and hints, and a list of the principal sparkling wine brands. It must be said, also, that it is illustrated by a number of engravings, some of which are well executed, while others might advantageously be omitted. The reader takes leave of Mr. Vizetelly on the best of terms, and his "Facts about Champagne" may be commended as a very readable and interesting book by a man who is a master of his subject.

*Field, Cover, and Trap Shooting.* By CAPTAIN BOGARDUS. New York.

CAPTAIN BOGARDUS has won for himself so much renown as a crack shot both in this country and in America, that lovers of guns and shooting everywhere will be eager to know his methods. In the work before us, edited by a literary friend, the Captain lets us into all his secrets, which old sportsmen will find to be very few indeed not already laid down in more pretentious works. Captain Bogardus is not only a successful breaker of glass balls, but a sportsman in the highest sense of the term, and gives his experience, which extends over twenty years, of field sports in the United States and the far West, amongst pinnated grouse, quail, ruffed grouse, woodcock, snipe, golden and grey plover, duck, goose, swans, turkey, and deer—such a feast of fat things that most Englishmen are only privileged to read of. The Captain gives us information in 250 pages on this varied shooting, which is throughout a narrative of his own experience, in a clear style having about it a manly ring, information for which we should have to spend pounds in collecting authors, and when done we should fail to get a fraction of the information here given. Chapter XIV. is devoted to "The Art of Shooting on the Wing," which is most excellent save in one unimportant particular, which is this: at page 268 the Captain is rightly insisting upon firing well in advance of crossing birds, but his distances recommended are about one-third—in some cases one-sixth—too little. For example, he says "at easy, slow-flying birds going right or left from the trap I hold three or four inches ahead of the bird." Now, if the Captain had said one foot to eighteen inches, he would have been nearer the mark. Either distance is almost inappreciable. At a fast-flying crossing bird he holds eight or ten inches. He may think so, but in reality—for we know they receive the centre of the Captain's charge in most cases—he doubtless holds much nearer a yard than ten inches. We are surprised again that Captain Bogardus sees no advantage in shooting without closing one eye. There is a chapter devoted to dog-breaking decidedly the worst part of the book; but this is more than compensated for by a chapter specially written by a practical professional dog-breaker, every word of which we endorse. At the end of the volume the Captain narrates some of his truly wonderful performances in glass ball breaking, and rightly insists on the excellent introduction to shooting on the wing which glass balls pitched quickly away for over thirty yards produces. With the exceptions which we have pointed out, we have great pleasure in recommending the book as a sportsman's *vade mecum*.

*The British Journal Photographic Almanack.* London and Liverpool: H. Greenwood.—The amount of practical information of the most varied character compressed within the covers of this portly little annual is really wonderful. No photographer can afford to be without it. It is not only a summary of past progress and present attainment, but contains hints and suggestions pregnant with promise of future improvements and fresh inventions. The mere names of its different contributors—all practical and earnest workers in the art—would fill some pages.

A PROSPECTUS has been issued of the Dunstall Hall Park Company with a capital of £55,000 in £10 shares, 1000 of which, fully paid up, are offered for subscription. The Company has been formed for the restoration to the town of Wolverhampton of race meetings which had ceased in consequence of the Corporation taking the old race course from the Duke of Cleveland for a public park, and for such purpose obtaining a track suitable for high-class race and s'leep chase meetings. The Estate, in addition to the Hall itself, comprises some 130 acres, and is situated about 1½ mile from the centre of Wolverhampton. In addition to race meetings, it is proposed to use Dunstall Park for football, polo, reviews, cricket, bicycling, &c.

## FAMOUS PLAYERS.

By A. H. WAITE

## "FAMOUS NED ALLEY" AND "GOD'S GIFT COLLEGE."

(Continued from page 523.)

THE new theatre by the Barbican was like Alleyn Henslowe's theatres on the Bankside, a large brick building of a circular or nearly circular shape, adorned with a statue of Fortune, from which it derived its name. Zigzag the Elder, describing it, says, "There, with much reverence, amid the doffing of bonnets, rode my lord of Nottingham (the Lord High Admiral), to grace his poor players, and attended by his serving-men wearing his badge and liveries, and with bucklers and swords, making a bold and gallant appearance. Lords, knights, and squires, in all their braveries; ladies in ruffe and far-gale; some on horseback; some borne in litters, and others on foot. The concourse thronged, but stately and courteous, for the accession of James that the gone; and it was not till after the death of Elizabeth that the nobles of Elizabeth's Court were stilled out of their formal enjoyments by the graceless roystering citizens then began to ape the gallants of the Court, but contented themselves with the sports and exercises of Finsbury and Moorfields." On Sunday night, in 1621, a fire broke out in the theatre which utterly destroyed it, "Whereby," as Mr. John Chamberlain, writing at the time, said, "these poor companions are quite undone." Alleyn, however, at once rebuilt the theatre, and doubtless his "poore companions" were not quite undone, for heavy as such a calamity must have been, even to so wealthy a manager, the theatre had been a great success, and it was speedily re-erected.

The great actors of that day, whether masters or managers or mere share-takers, played like those of to-day, at other than their own theatres. We have records of Alleyn's personations at many of those existing all round London. In a "tragedie," called *Lust's Dominion in the Lascivious Queen*, "written by Christofer Marloe, gent." (Marlowe), for instance, the dedication runs as follows:—

"To my worthy friend, Mr. Thomas Hammond, of Gray's Inn, &c., &c."

"This play, composed by so worthy an author as Mr. Marloe, and the part of the few presented by so inimitable an actor as Mr. Allen, being in this latter age commended to the stage; as I vshered it into court, and presented it to the cockpit, with these prologues and epilogues here inserted, so now being newly brought to the presse, I should loath it should be published without the ornament of an epistle, making choyce of you unto whom to denote it; than whom (of all those gentlemen and acquaintance, without the compasse of my long knowledge) there is none more able to tax ignorance, or attribute right to merit. Sir, you have been pleased to grace some of mine own works with your courteous patronage. I hope this will not be the worse accepted, because commended to mee; over whom none can claim more power or privilege than your self. I had no better a New Year's gift to present you with; receive it, therefore, as a continuance of that inevitable obligeement by which he rests still engaged; who, as he ever hath, shall always remaine,

"TUSSIMUS THOS. HEYWOOD."

I need not pause to describe the Cockpit Theatre, now represented by that of Drury Lane, because I have in a separate paper already dealt with its history and described what it then was.

Alleyn as an actor appears to have enjoyed the highest reputation achievable, and by no means to have confined his efforts to any one of what actors now call "lines of business." In tragedy and comedy he appears to have been equally at home. Of this we have interesting evidence in another of those quaint old time-discoloured letters at Dulwich, referring to some wager on the subject of Ned Alleyn's professional ability. It runs as follows:—

"Your answer the other night so well pleased the gentlemen, as I was satisfied therewith, though to the hazard of the wager; and yet my meaning was not to prejudice Peele's credit, neither wolde it, though it pleased you so to excuse it. But being now grown farther in question, the partie affected to Bentley, scornynge to win the wager by your denial, hath now given you libertie to make choyce of any one play that either Bentley or Knell plaide; and least this advantage agree not with your mind, he is contented both the plaie and the tyme shall be referred to the gentlemen here present. I see not how you canne any waie hurt your credit by this action: for if you excell them, you will then be famous; if equall them, you win both the wager and credit; if short of them, wee must and will saie, NED ALLEN STILL."

"Your friend to his power, W. P."

Deny mee not, sweet Ned; the wagers downe,  
And twice as muche commande of me or myne;  
And if you wyane, I sweare the half is thine,  
And for an everplus an English crowne;  
Appoint the tyme, and stint it as you pleas,  
Your labor's gaine, and that will prove it eas.

The Peele mentioned above was probably the unfortunate George Peele, who was then famous both as a player and a playwright, and of whom I have already spoken as dead in 1592.

Some lines written anonymously at about the same time as the above appear to refer to Alleyn's accepting the trial, and being victorious over both Bentley and Knell, at the same time mentioning yet another wager of a similar kind pitting him against Tarlton's rival in what we should now call low comedy, William Kempe, the original Dogberry of Shakspeare's play, the creator of Shallow and the first Peter of our great bard's *Romeo and Juliet*. Thomas Nashe, his contemporary, wrote of him as "that most comical and conceited cavaliere Monsieur du Kempe," and Heywood mentions him as Tarlton's worthy successor, both in the motley and the favour of Queen Elizabeth. Here are the lines about the second wager faithfully transcribed:

Sweete Nedde, nowe wyne an other wager  
For thine old frende and fellow stager.  
Tarlton himselfe thou doest excell  
And Bentley beate, and conquer Knell,  
And now shall Kempe o'ercome as well.  
The meynes downe, the place the Hope;  
Phillips shall hide his head, and Pope.  
Feare not, the victorie is thine  
Thou still as machales Ned shall shyne.  
If Koscius Richard foames and fumes,  
The Globe shall have but empty roomes;  
If thou doest act; and Willes' new plays  
Shall be rebearst some other daie.  
Consent then Nedde; doe us this grace,  
Thou cannot faile in anie case:  
For in the trial, come what maye,  
All sides shall brave Ned Allen saie.

All the players named in these lines were famous men. Tarlton or Tarleton—spelling was a mere matter of taste in those days—was appointed groom of the chamber to Queen Elizabeth, with whom he was a special and curiously privileged favourite. Of him it was written—

Tarlton when his head was onely seene,  
The fire-house doore and Tapistrie between,  
Sett all the multitude in such a laughter,  
They could not hold for scarce an houre after."

\* The Hope Theatre on the Bankside, which was also a place used by Allen for bear-baiting. † Burbage. ‡ Boxes. § Shakspeare, ‡ Peacham's Thalia's Banquet (1620).





Sketches from  
The Play

Aquarium Theatre  
"She Sleeps to Conquer"



"Shook to that, ha, ha, ha! sick to that  
and then without you, Master"

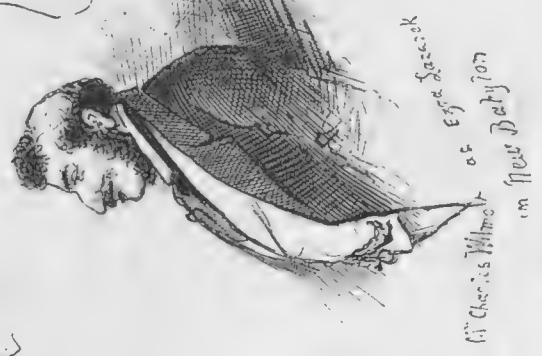
Ed Brought

Sketches from  
The Play

4th Morning Performance  
The Strand  
The Strand



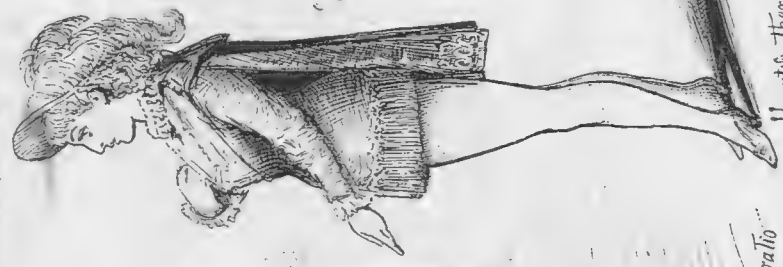
John B. Roper  
"The Duke of York"



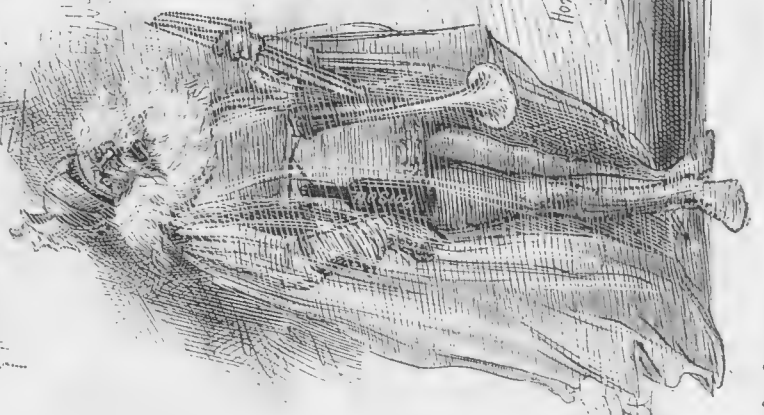
Edgar Wallace  
"The Duke of York"



Claudius  
"The Duke of York"



Horatio  
"The Duke of York"



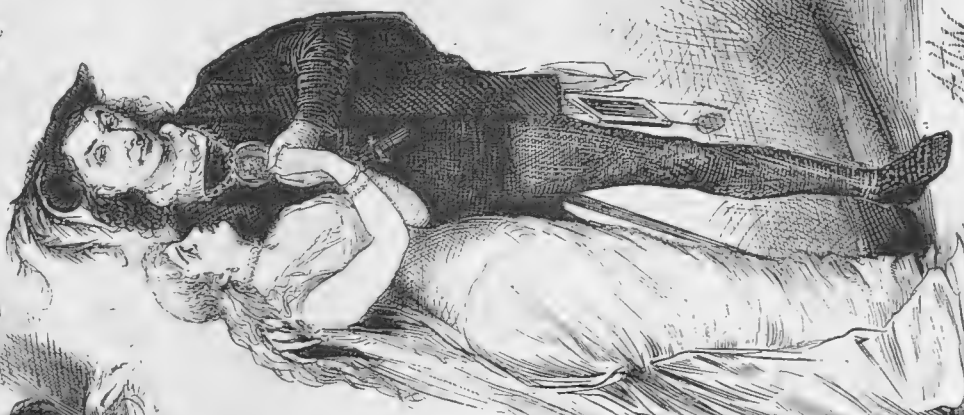
The Ghost

"A figure like your father"



Master Ross

"Sketch from 'The Duke of York' at the Duke's Theatre"



"Hamlet and the tripping of his father"



"The Duke of York" at the Duke's Theatre

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## OUR CAPTIOUS CRITIC.

If you like it hot and strong, and smoking, and plenty of it, with lumps dripping over the edge, go to the Duke's Theatre and get Mr. Paul Meritt to spread his new mixture entitled *New Babylon* over the dry bread of your dramatic experience. The little



Paul Meritt's  
"New Baby Linen"

entertainment that the three maiden ladies so rudely alluded to by Macbeth prepared for that worthy Scotchman, and at which he was fain to cry out "I'll see no more—" was but a mild affair compared with the "Drama" in a prologue and four acts



"Tiny Sports—A Light Weight"

at present shaking the very foundations of the "Duke's." I can speak as a member of the play-going British public (Heaven bless them!) that a fevered nightmare brought on by, say, an over-dose of lobster-salad late at night, followed by sundry libations of hot grog still later in the night, or very early in the morning, is calm refreshing rest compared with the wild round of experiences through which Mr. Paul Meritt causes you to follow a long list of histrionic gentlemen whose very names upon

the programme are sufficient to send a thrill through the frame of even the most manly, and convince all that there would shortly be murder and all other deadly sins chucked about the stage like balls at Badminton. I am writing now one week after witnessing the performance of *New Babylon*. I have had some cooling medicine and a Turkish bath, some sleeping draughts, and a few leeches to the temples; still my brain is in a whirl with it, and when I look at "the synopsis of scenery and action of the drama," which reads like the auction bill of the lots comprised in a wild and eventful existence, my head grows dizzy, and I am faint. The scene of the prologue takes place in the saloon of an American steamer. How on earth did Mr. Paul Meritt refrain from bringing on just one or two—only one or two—of the good old penny plain and tuppence coloured pirates, with red stocking-caps, sack petticoats, top boots, black worsted ringlets, big-buckled belts, with pistols and daggers? Why, Paul? I really think I could have been more calm had it been so; I should have felt that the thing was, after all, only a mimic show. But then it was all so true and real. Mr. J. A. Arnold lost no time in tampering with the safety of a distressed female in the most natural manner. Where did he study to thus perfect a scene so terrible, so forbidding? Then came Mr. Clarence Holt as Flotsam, an American detective. And he was an American detective. I don't believe that the smallest boy squeezed into the smallest corner of the gallery could have made a mistake on this point. If he took him for a Chinese or Zulu detective I would go so far as to say that he is a very stupid boy and that the School Board should look to it! Mr. Holt made it apparent to not only the audience but the very people he was after that American was his native tongue, by assuming a nasal twang that would have settled the Alabama claims, or satisfied the Newfoundland



An American Detective

Fisheries question without any farther proceedings. Like most Americans, he travelled with very little luggage; indeed, the national garments (including the inevitable goat's beard) seemed to be all he brought with him, for he wore them persistently in every conceivable place, until at some loathsome den in the Seven Dials or somewhere he wore a different hat and a patch over his eyes, just to deceive the dull-pated inmates of a thieves' kitchen. So much for Manager Holt, with his "you bet," and "bottom dollar," and the rest. Then there was Manager Wilmot as Ezra Lazarek. Who could have mistaken him for aught but a Jew, even without seeing the name or hearing his Hebraic guttural? It is foolishness to ask. But I am diverging from the prologue, the natural result of thinking of the piece. After the scene with the lady and Mr. Arnold in the saloon, and a heavy crash descriptive of a collision at sea, [the tottering scenery was removed and disclosed a vast tract of ocean, a number of hapless persons rocking themselves to rest on wooden waves, while Manager Holt occupied a boat somewhat after the build of the craft used by the wise men of Gotham, and I suppose of American construction. Then opened the play, and here I must leave you to go and find out for yourself what the plot or plots of *New Babylon* may be or ought to be, for this I know, were I to attempt any closer contemplation of the subject than the merest thought, more leeches and more physic would be the result. What with Tattersall's and its broken-kneed cab-horse; Cremorne with its "Soiled Doves"; Oleander Cottage, Chiswick, with its "Passions and Principles"; and "Goodwood" with Bel Lorrimer's victory; the City, with its "Long Firms" and "Desperate Games," the Thames Embankment with its "Electric Witnesses," and the Seven Dials with its Nemesis, I don't know how anyone's head could contain it all—indeed I don't know how one theatre contains it. Miss Caroline Hill plays the heroines—it is a dual rôle of course—with

an amount of feeling and power that is truly marvellous considering the speed at which everything is rushed through. And Miss Rose Dale deserves praise for a capital piece of acting in the part of an outcast known as Aunt Crazy. Mr. G. L. Gordon kept his part almost within the bounds of possibility, and acted with quiet ease. A host of names might be mentioned, all of whom



"The dual part of Eunice and Bel Lorrimer"

did something, somehow, somewhere, some time during the piece, but there is little use. I see by an advertisement that the Royalty Theatre has resumed the old custom of half-price at 9 o'clock. "In these hard times," says the Manager, "half a loaf is better than no bread—I have, therefore, determined to restore the ancient custom of half price to all parts of the house (except



the gallery)," and then goes on to be facetious about the *School for Scandal* and the late Mr. Sheridan. Fancy "hard times" affecting the rest of an audience and leaving the gallery unscathed! or does Mr. Mortimer, whom I shrewdly suspect of penning the humorous bait, still bear malice against his old enemies "the gods"? The advertisement also announces on its second appearance that the half-price system is for the convenience of late diners! This is certainly a most delicate and novel title for people suffering from "hard times."



Mr. Collier says the murder of the play was committed in 1573, and that he is ready to stake his reputation on the assertion that certain passages, which he quotes, were written by Shakspeare; but with all due deference to so learned, trustworthy, and patient an investigator, I do not forget that this is merely his opinion, and however strong it may be, it is not such a proof as justifies his confident announcement, "Another Tragedy by Shakspeare."

as showing distinctly that one hand wrote both, the one being in Shakspeare's *Macbeth*, and the other in the *Warning for Fair Women*. But the *Athenæum* has of late been growing quite

A. H. DOUBLEYEW.

**A STRANGE FINDING.**—A very singular case was tried at the Middlesex Sessions on Friday, when William Wherry was charged with stealing a sovereign. The prosecutrix deposed that she dropped it in the Commercial-road Post Office, and both she and a witness saw the prisoner pick it up. The prisoner, however, swore that he had dropped it, and the jury acquitted him, but *assured the prosecutrix they did not mean to express any disbelief in her statement.* If they believed her testimony we cannot see how they possibly could acquit the man, and we consider the verdict a *Wherry* remarkable one.

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## SALES BY AUCTION, &amp;c.

**EAST PECKHAM, KENT.**—A valuable Freehold Estate, comprising 98 acres of excellent hop, fruit, meadow, and arable land, with good residence.

**MR. GEORGE LANGRIDGE** has received instructions to SELL by AUCTION, at the Star Hotel, Maidstone, on THURSDAY, February 27, 1879, at Three o'clock punctually, in One Lot, the valuable Freehold Estate known as BULLEN FARM, most favourably situated in the parish of East Peckham, between Maidstone and Tonbridge, and comprising 98 acres of the choicest land in the county of Kent. A considerable portion of it is planted with hops and fruit, is well known, and has been long famed for its extraordinary productiveness in these respects, as well as for the superior quality of its produce. It is bounded and intersected by capital roads, with excellent farm residence, containing every convenience, surrounded by pleasure and kitchen gardens, all the requisite farm buildings, and nine capital cottages, with good gardens, &c. Possession, if desired, can be had on completion of the purchase.

May be viewed, and particulars, with plans and conditions of sale, can be obtained of George Stening, Esq., Solicitor, Tonbridge; at the Star Hotel, Maidstone; Crown Hotel, Tonbridge and Sevenoaks; Maidstone road Hotel, Paddock Wood Station; and of Mr. G. Langridge, Land Agent, Surveyor, and Valuer, the Great Hall, Tunbridge Wells (and Tonbridge), Kent.

**PALL-MALL.**—Persian, Indian, and Turkey Carpets and Rugs, by direction of the Importer.

**MESSRS. FOSTER** respectfully announce for SALE by AUCTION, at the Gallery, 54, Pall-mall, on THURSDAY next, the 27th February, at 1 o'clock precisely, a large number of beautiful PERSIAN, Indian, and Turkey CARPETS, in sizes suitable to large and small apartments; also corridor carpets, large and small rugs, portieres, &c. These productions of the Oriental looms excel all European fabrics, they are more durable, require no planning in fitting them to rooms, whilst they exhibit the perfection of the aesthetic, both in designs and colours—also Persian portieres and table covers. Catalogues giving the sizes forwarded on application. On view, two days prior to the sale, at Messrs. Foster's Gallery, 54, Pall Mall.

By direction of the Executors.—On the Thames, near Reading.—The Fishery, Maple Durham, a Fishing and Sporting Box.

**MESSRS. E. and H. LUMLEY** are instructed to SELL by AUCTION, on the premises (by direction of the Executors of the late Mr. J. D. Hale), on Thursday, March 6th, at one o'clock, in one lot, the LEASE and the whole of the CONTENTS EN BLOC. If not disposed of in this way, the lease will be offered separately; the furniture and contents will be sold in lots (see separate catalogues). There are mahogany, walnut, and oak dining, drawing, and sitting room furniture, a piano, bed-room furniture in mahogany, deal, and japan woods, French and other bedsteads and bedding, ornamental items, oil paintings, French and other clocks, carpets, fenders and fireirons, china and glass, and other in-door effects. A variety of out-door items, pony and pony cart, a four-oared boat, three fishing punts, and other articles. May be viewed. Printed particulars and conditions of sale, with catalogues, had of Morley Rodwell, Esq., Solicitor, 89, Chancery-lane; and of Lumleys, Land Agents and Auctioneers, St. James's-street, Piccadilly.

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furnished, with immediate possession, for a term as may be arranged, in one of the most beautiful and picturesque parts of the county, within three miles of railway stations on the Cheddar Valley, Somerset and Dorset, and East Somerset Railways, a superior FAMILY MANSION, with the shooting over nearly 1,000 acres, of which 80 acres are wood and plantation, thoroughly preserved at the present time and well stocked with game. The Mansion is replete with every modern convenience, on a gravel soil, in the midst of handsomely timbered grounds, commanding views of great beauty, is approached on either side by carriage drive, an entrance lodge at the west side of the grounds; and comprises on the principal floor entrance hall, dining-room 25ft. 6in. by 18ft. 3in., drawing-room 36ft. by 26ft., library 16ft. 6in. by 16ft. 6in., morning room or study 13ft. 8in. by 13ft., Butler's room, pantry, &c. On the first-floor—boudoir, seven principal bed and drawing-rooms, and bath-room, and eight bedrooms on the attic story. The domestic offices afford every accommodation, and pipes for warming the principal rooms are provided. The kitchen gardens are excellent, and the flower garden and croquet grounds are nicely placed and in first-class order, with gardener's house, vineries, hot-houses, and all necessary forcing pits. Water is supplied to every part of the mansion and grounds. The stabling, coach-houses and offices are conveniently placed, and afford every accommodation. There is a cottage for the coachman near. The church stands within the grounds. Several closes of pasture land can be let with the house if required. The head-keeper and the gardener will be retained and paid by the owner. Further particulars and terms of letting can be obtained on application to Wainwrights and Heard, Surveyors, Shepton Mallet.—Dated February, 1879.

## SALMON FISHING in NORWAY.

To LET, for the season, several CONSECUTIVE FISHERIES, comprising the best pools in the Laugen river, about twenty-five miles from Laurvig; good roads to the spot, and excellent accommodation. First reasonable offer accepted.—Apply to Mr. J. NIELSEN, British Consular Agent, Laurvig, Norway.

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## WEEKLY MUSICAL REVIEW.

CHAPPEL & Co., New Bond-street.—  
 “Little Boy Sailor,” price 4s., is a setting  
 by J. Old of some lines published in *Once*  
*a Week*. Words, melody, and accompaniment  
 are of the simplest character, and the song  
 will probably be found useful for teaching  
 purposes.

WILLEY & Co., 52, Great Marlborough-street, W.—"Anna-bel Lee," price 4s., is a setting by J. Old of Edgar Poe's well-known lines. The spirit of the poetry is embodied in the music, which is pathetic, and at the same time melodious.—"The Vulture," price 4s., is a descriptive song by the same composer, adapted to some well-written if sombre verses, by A. Allott, descriptive of the gloomy desolation of the desert, and the death of a wayfarer, watched by an eager vulture. There is considerable imaginative power shown in the music, although it is written for voices of ordinary compass.

PATERSON & SONS, 27, George-street, Edinburgh.—"Alice," price 4s, words by W. E. Windus, music by W. K. Burnett. This is a well-written song, and the story of the fisher maiden, whose lover goes forth never to return, is naturally and pathetically told. The composer has made one mistake (page 5) in setting "tempest toss'd caves" as "tempest tossed caves;" in other respects his music is commendable.—"Love's Echoes," price 3s., is a setting, by the same composer, of some acceptable lines by H. Robertson. The music is not remarkable for originality.

CRAMER & Co., 201, Regent-street, W.—  
"Cinderella," price 4s., written by E. L. Blanchard, and composed by Miss Julia Woolf, is the song which was sung in the last Drury Lane pantomime by Miss Victoria Vokes, whose portrait adorns the title-page. The moral of the fairy tale is prettily told in Mr. Blanchard's two verses. Miss Julia Woolf, who has the gift of melody, has set the song to bright and effective music, and "Cinderella" in its lyric shape deserves to become widely popular.

LYON & HALL, Brighton.—"Le Bonheur" is the title of a "suite de valse", (why not "a set of waltzes"?) "pour le piano" (why not "for the piano"?), "sur les chansons de T. W. Davidson, par Guilleumont Avis" (why not "on Mr. T. W. Davidson's songs"?). The long and pretentious French title-page to this pianoforte solo might naturally encourage great expectations; but in this instance, as oftentimes, affectation is a sign of weak-



E. R. G. HOPWOOD,

WINNER OF THE GRAND PRIZE, 1879, OF PIGEON SHOOTING, MONACO.

ness. What Mr. T. W. Davidson has done to entitle him to the distinction of having a set of waltzes founded on his songs we are unable to say. We have often spoken kindly of his efforts, which are sufficiently meritorious to warrant words of encouragement, but it is to be hoped he is not blameable for the injudicious zeal of Mr. (or Monsieur?) "Guillemlent." Avis... A weaker and more uninteresting set of waltzes we have seldom seen.

ALFRED HAYS, 4, Royal Exchange-buildings, E.C.—“Our English Beer,” price 3s., is a convivial song, written and composed by F. Cotton, who sings the praise of our national beverage with an unctious which would vex the soul of Sir Wilfrid Lawson. The tune is vigorous, and the song may be recommended to licensed victuallers.—“Ze English and zere vays,” price 3s., written and composed by the same writer, is a comic song in which some good-natured satire is placed in the mouth of a Frenchman who “cannot comprehend” the ways of Englishmen.

FRANCIS BROS. & DAY, 351, Oxford-street, W.—“The Queer Cuirassier,” price 4s., words by Hamilton Clarke, music by E. J. Odell, is one of the quaint comic songs with which that popular comedian, Mr. Odell, occasionally entertains his private circle of friends. When sung by him, “The Queer Cuirassier” is irresistibly funny, and it is so distinctly original that it will be a boon to comic singers.

THE highly popular Gilbert-Sullivan comic opera was played by amateur ladies and gentlemen, for the second time, in the banquetting hall attached to Sir William Armstrong's residence, Jesmond Dene, Newcastle-on-Tyne, and, as on the first occasion, proved very successful. Mr. S. H. S. Austin again superintended the stage and general arrangements. The performance was witnessed by Sir William and Lady Armstrong, and an audience comprising over five hundred of the *élite* of the neighbourhood, which also included several officers of the Italian navy attired in full uniform, who were on a visit to Newcastle to watch the shipment of four 100-ton Armstrong guns manufactured for the Italian Government.

ON Monday, while hunting with the Bicester Hounds, Mr. William Drake, son of Mr. Thomas Tyrwhitt Drake, late Master of the Bicester Hounds, met with a severe accident. He was jumping a fence, when the horse pitched forward and rolled over its rider, one of whose legs was fractured. Mr. Drake, who was much bruised and shaken, was conveyed in an insensible state to Bignall House.



## FANCY DRESS BALL AT CHELSEA.



## NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

It is particularly requested that all Letters intended for the Editorial Department of this Paper be addressed to the Editor, and not to any individual who may be known in connection with it; and must be accompanied by the writer's name and address, not necessarily for publication, but as a guarantee of good faith.

The Editor will not be responsible for the return of rejected communications, and to this rule he can make no exception.

All business communications to be addressed to the MANAGER.

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## ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

## DRAMATIC.

F. ARCH.—Mrs. Ester was famous as a tragic actress in the early part of the present century. She was a famous Rosalind.

J. L.—Mrs. St. Ledger played Florante. Leigh Hunt spoke of her acting as wanting in feeling, and inanimate.

ONE WHO LIKES PANTOMIMES.—(1.) Joey Grimaldi made his last appearance in June, 1828. The *Literary Gazette* of the previous Saturday contained a letter from Tom Hood, sen., calling attention to the fact. As it may interest our readers we copy it. Hood writes: "Pray publish in your *Gazette* that on Friday, the 27th inst., this inimitable clown will take his leave of the boards at Drury Lane Theatre in character. After that night the red and white features of Joe Grimaldi will belong only to tradition! Thenceforth he will be dead to his vocation—but the pleasant recollection of his admirable fooling will still live with childhood, with manhood, and with T. Hood." On the night Grimaldi acted in one scene of the pantomime, *Harlequin Hoax*, sang a song—"This very morning Handy," etc.—and delivered a farewell address. Being too feeble to stand, did all this while seated upon a chair, calling forth repeated shouts of laughter. The benefit realised £580. (2.) "Hot Codlins" was written by Mr. Whittaker, and first sung on the stage by Grimaldi in April, 1820.

S. B. PERKINS.—(1.) Miss Neilson's father was a Spaniard. She made her first appearance at the Margate Theatre. (2.) We cannot say. (3.) We think it was.

H. B.—Miss Augusta Clifton was born at Coventry in 1832. She made her first appearance at the Theatre Royal, Hull, in 1848, as Zamora, in the *Honey-moon*. Her first appearance on the London stage took place in October, 1850, when she was engaged by Mr. Nelson Lee, for the City of London Theatre, where she remained many years.

E. J.—The lines—  
"Conscience be still—more blood must yet be drained—  
Crowns got by blood must be by blood maintained."  
are not in Shakespeare's *Richard III.*, but in Colley Cibber's adaptation of it, and they were written by him.

E. MARSH.—Edmund Kean played Sir Pertinax Macsycophant in the *Man of the World*, on March 18th, 1822.

LADY OF LYONS.—We cannot do better than quote in reply an interesting passage from Blanchard Jerrold's biography of his father:—"More than half a century ago the poor stroller, Samuel Jerrold, had displayed his precious shoes to the bumpkins about Eastbourne; his son, Douglas Jerrold, accompanied by his family, went to this quiet place to enjoy a summer's holiday. Here a poor stroller waited upon the son, and asked him to give his patronage to the theatre. Douglas Jerrold's 'bespeak' put forth in this same Eastbourne in 1851; and the patron went to the barn with his family, and was posted in the seat of honour—the honour being marked by a little red cloth thrown over the front bench. Rafters, dark and ghostly overhead; rows of greasy benches behind; and a woeful stage with dips for footlights, were not encouraging hints as to the nature of the entertainments. Presently, a boy in a smock frock snuffed the dips, and then the *Love Chase* was played. The manager's family took nearly all the parts; even the poor old chief of the *troupe*, blind and worn, was led on to sing, 'Come and take tea in labour.' In 1851 the patron of the evening must have thought matters theatrical here are rude enough. What must the theatre have been in which Dibdin and my father and Wilkinson have performed hereabouts some sixty years ago."

## MUSICAL.

R. JAMES.—"Robin Adair" is not a Scotch melody. You will find the tune in "Orpheus Britannicus" under its original Irish title, "Aileen Aroon." The words of the more modern song were written by a young Scotch lady to the Irish tune. She was not unsuccessful in the thankless task of "adapting" words to a melody originally inspired by other words, but it is the beauty of the plaintive melody rather than the quantity of Scotch words that makes "Robin Adair" popular. The faculty of "acquisitiveness" has often been manifested by Scotchmen in reference to popular tunes. Among numerous instances may be mentioned the song "Within a mile of Edinboro' town." This is claimed by Scotchmen as one of their "national" songs, but it was composed by James Hook (father of Theodore Hook), and was first sung in public at Vauxhall Gardens.

A. P. M.—We cannot tell you where Storace's barytone song, "The Sapling Oak," is published. It occurs in Storace's opera, *The Pirates*, which is out of print. Try Lonsdale and Co., Bond-street. The "Song of the Terædôr," from the English version of *Carmen*, will very shortly be published by Metzler and Co.

C. W.—Miss Emma Howson is not an American. She was born in Australia.

SCALES.—The "basso centrale" occupies a mid-way position between the "basso-profondo" and the "basso-baritono." The compass of the "basso centrale" is from the lower G to C—ten notes higher; the "basso-profondo" compass extends two or three notes lower, and the "basso-baritono" two or three notes higher. You are probably aware that "barytone" is in Italian "baritono." The derivation of the word "barys" (heavy), and "tonos" (tone), was wrongly given in our last number, owing to a printer's error.

## MISCELLANEOUS.

GLOVES.—George Ring died at Bath, on April 20th, 1803. He was once one of the most prominent professional pugilists of his time. Most of his victories were attributed to his quickness of sight, activity, and the extraordinary muscular power of his arms, although Ward, Mendoza, and

Humphreys are said to have owed their skill and success to the adoption of certain principles in fighting which first gave the Ring what has since been called science. His fighting career was of short duration, in consequence, we are told, of dissipation and hard blows. At his funeral the ex-champion, George Maggs, who held the belt for fifty years, was present as if by way of contrast, for thanks to a life of respectability he was then a hale and hearty, although very old man.

M. V. B.—Dr. Johnson observed that a man is seldom so innocently employed as when he is earning money.

A. H. (Bridport).—No. It was engraved from the picture painted of Lord Byron, by Mr. Harlowe, that which Mrs. Leigh Hunt described to Shelley as resembling a great schoolboy who had received a plain bun when he expected a currant one.

THOMAS MORTON.—Moll King was notorious in Hogarth's days as the keeper of a house of ill-fame in Covent Garden. One of the incidents in Hogarth's "Rake's Progress" was painted from a sketch made in her house.

GEORGE POCOCK.—Coleman the younger wrote some lines on the potato, of which we remember four—

"Esculent, lusty, and lasting—  
No turnip nor other weak babe of the ground;  
Waxy, or mealy, it hinders from fasting  
Half Erin's inhabitants, all the year round."

M. BERNAYS.—Frederic Zuccher's portrait of Queen Elizabeth represents her in a fantastic Persian dress. She was fond of assuming the costumes of different countries.

P. BURGESS.—All back numbers of this paper are in print, and can be had on application to the publisher.

THE ILLUSTRATED  
Sporting and Dramatic News.

LONDON, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 22, 1879.

## GENERAL PEEL.

IN General Peel the Turf loses something more than the nominator of Peter and Lancastrian for the Derby, and of these and other horses for many of the principal races to come. It may safely be said that the present generation of Turfites knew the staunch soldier and statesman and the ardent sportsman of former days only as a voice in Jockey Club councils, an unostentatious director of the Glasgow Stud, and an occasional participator in the sport with which his name had long been associated more prominently well nigh half a century ago. Recently, however, his name as the owner of a Derby favourite has been more in the mouths of men, and there was not a racing man, noble or humble, great or small, who would not have rejoiced to see a long and honourable career finish, as it may be said to have begun, with a victory in the race—the end and crown of a sportsman's ambition. As the breeder of Sefton, General Peel had almost divided the honours of the last Derby Day with his firm and fast friend, Mr. Crawford, and it seemed as if the luck about the old place at Enfield (as is often the case) had taken a turn just when its break-up was imminent, and that Peter was to be the rightful successor to the hero of the Derby of 1878. After long years of patient care and good management, the old Glasgow "legacy" stud has begun to bring forth good fruit, and all hoped and trusted that "the General" might be spared to witness the reaping of the glorious harvest sown (perhaps rather in dishonour and scorn) by the eccentric old salt who had named the best horse he ever possessed after his best friend because he was "a real good one." Alas! they only hoped in vain who ventured to anticipate the success of the purple jacket and orange cap at Epsom, and who are now left to mourn the loss of the last of a representative *coterie*, which, if it exercised no vast influence over the fortunes of the Turf, at least left its mark upon the sport, and that in brilliant contrast to the recollections bequeathed by other racing cliques and confederacies.

General Peel was one of a class unhappily too rare in this or any other era, which took up with racing as a pastime instead of a business, and for that reason entered into its pursuit with a keener sense of enjoyment than the professional element which lives for and by the excitement and business of the Turf. Racing could never pall upon a man who regarded it only in the light of a relaxation from the duties forming part of the life of the soldier and the statesman, and who followed it from pure love of the animal with which its existence was so intimately connected. It was only natural that General Peel should choose his associates from among contemporaries similarly circumstanced with himself, and accordingly we find him consorting with such men as Lord Derby, Messrs. Greville, Payne, Lord Glasgow, Admiral Rous, and others, whose boyish enjoyment of the sport was only extinguished by death, and who came up smiling again and again after many a knock-down blow with all the pluck and confidence of youth. Whether Lord Glasgow might ever have aspired to political distinction it were useless now to inquire, but George Payne certainly "had it in him," had he chosen to command the applause of listening senates which Lord Derby had so often charmed by his eloquence, and "the General" himself by the more curt and rugged phraseology, rising naturally to the lips of the soldier by profession. Greville, the "alter ego" of George Payne, combined the profession of the courtier with that of the politician, while Admiral Rous stood out as the greatest "pillar of the Turf" among them all, and if he did not make his influence felt in the councils of the realm, his was at least a "potent voice in Parliament" of the Turf, and in General Peel he had a kindly and courteous adviser, one taking a real interest in the well-being of his favourite pastime, and ever ready to assist in carrying out reforms, albeit restrained by his respect for Conservative principles from launching out into the "falsehood of extremes," and from listening to the wild clamour for useless and extravagant changes in the constitution of the Turf.

Like most men who have entered upon a Turf career advisedly, carried it through with honour and integrity, and only relinquished it with death, General Peel was a breeder of his own horses, and took as deep and real an interest in them both before and after their sojourn in the trainers' hands as when they were carrying his colours. In this respect he merely carried out the traditions of those noblemen and gentlemen we have mentioned as being his most intimate associates; and we think it will be pretty generally agreed that this is the most pleasurable as well as the most rational method of supporting what we must call, for lack of a better or newer appellation, the "national pastime." It did not savour of the school to which General Peel belonged to give sensational prices for

yearlings; neither can it be said of him that he courted success by the magnificently lavish policy pursued by Lord Palmouth of breeding largely on his own account, and his modest requirements were easily supplied, while now and then he found something eminently useful for Joseph Dawson to exercise his craft upon. The history of his connection with the Turf, his various successes as an owner of racehorses, and his relations with Turf notabilities of a bygone age, will all be found recorded in contemporary columns long before this article appears in print, so that it would be useless to reproduce memoirs, traits, and anecdotes; and we have been induced to write this much more from the idea to point a moral than to adorn a tale. We cannot do this more effectively than by saying of General Peel that he was a sportsman in the truest sense of the word; and that he was as far removed in "native worth" and sterling independence of spirit from the ephemeral cloud of plungers and their parasites as was his favourite Orlando from the impostor Running Rein, by which he was sought (and well nigh successfully) to be supplanted in Derby honours through the machinations of the "long firm" of Levy and Co., so signally discomfited by the industry and tact of "the General" and his friends.

The recollections of one of General Peel's age and experience would be invaluable to racing tyros, for he must have seen both sides of the medal, and have become as intimately acquainted with the shady aspect of Turf society as with those brighter and more agreeable phases with which his memory will inevitably be associated. Never a heavy nor a reckless gambler, he did not profess that holy horror of betting which occasionally raises doubts as to the sincerity of those who enunciate it; nor did he deem it politic to ignore speculation, but rather mastered its complications with a view to settle amicably the numerous disputes arising from transactions, which were invariably confidently submitted to his judgment. His decisions could not fail, therefore, to give satisfaction; and the young man, embarking upon the unknown seas of the Turf, beset with whirlpools and quicksands, could have no safer pilot than the veteran who had passed unscathed through its waves and storms, with wrecks on every side. There were other traits, too, which endeared General Peel to others than those who walked along with him in the paths of recreation, and accepted him as their guide in matters extraneous to the serious business of life. History will not fail to record his services as soldier and statesman, and in private life there are still many left to bear witness to the qualities which contributed to the happiness of the domestic circle, and attracted the "honour, love, obedience, troops of friends" which are the guerdon of a long life well spent in the service of his Queen, and of leisure occupied in the fruition and chivalrous upholding of the sport dearest to her subjects. With General Peel passes away the remnant of a racing fraternity, the memory of which we should do well to cherish, as suggestive of how a taste for the Turf may be cultivated in a manner worthy of the high lineage, exalted character, and dignified position of those we have described as participating in its pleasures with the subject of this memoir.

EDWARD HANLAN, the champion sculler, left America for Europe on board the City of Montreal on the last day of January. The *New York Herald*, describing the parting scene, says:—"Close beside him stood a stout, middle-aged man, keenly eyeing all who approached the champion, or sought to have anything to do with him, and listening to every word. This was James Heasley, his trainer, and a man who is said to have his entire confidence and to be well-fitted for his by no means easy position. Standing all around were men all deeply interested in the little sculler, and every now and then having a friendly chat with him or introducing some new comer. Here was Eph. Morris all the way from Pittsburg, a broad, stout, heavy-jawed man, of great stay and pluck, who gave Hanlan so good a race all over the Hulton five-mile course. A taller man, almost slender, pleasant-faced, and frank, stepped up and added his friendly word and hearty shake of the hand. This was Fred. Plaisted, tremendously fast for a mile, and the making of a good stayer, too, if he only had good coaching. He has given Hanlan many a race, but long ago concluded that he has no business with him. John Biglin, the hero of almost a hundred races of every class and kind, looking tough and well in his brown chinpiece and light moustache; Barney, his brother ex-oarsman; Colonel Bliss, Judge Elliott, of Greenpoint, Hanlan's favourite boat builder; Tom Elliott, his brother; bluff and cheery Dave Ward, Hanlan's backer—all deeply interested in the man who was bound out on such a plucky undertaking, and one in the like of which no predecessor of his has ever yet been successful. Hanlan, moreover, asserted on this occasion that he would row Courtney on any fair course if a purse of 5,000 dollars or more was given, and reasonable sum to each man besides for expenses. Both he and Ward agreed that this plan of racing had many advantages over the present one of rowing for stakes, and that one of Courtney's backers, by his attempts prior to the race to affect the betting, had done Courtney a world of harm. Hanlan, evidently, is not afraid of Courtney. As to his prospects in England, of course Hanlan could not talk very definitely. While, from all he can learn of the two streams—the Tyne and the Thames—he naturally prefers the former, as it is much the straighter in its racing courses, still, as whoever he challenges will have the selecting of the course, and as he means to meet the best men in England, he will, doubtless, have to race on each, and more than once.

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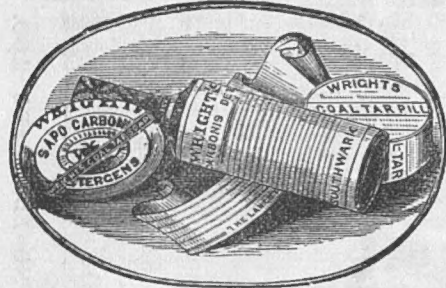
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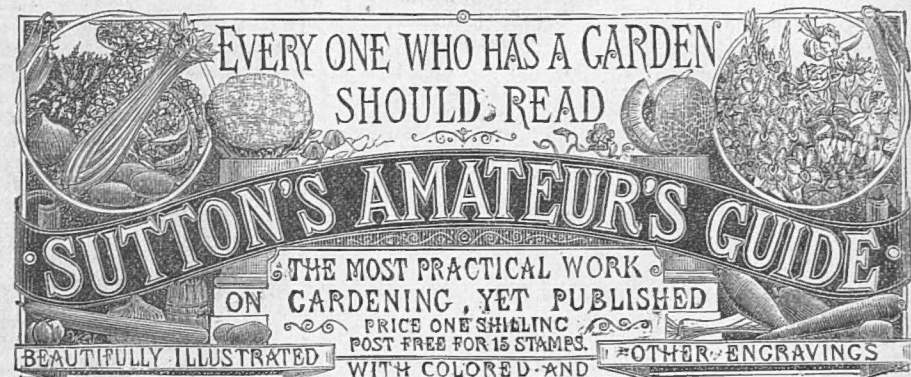
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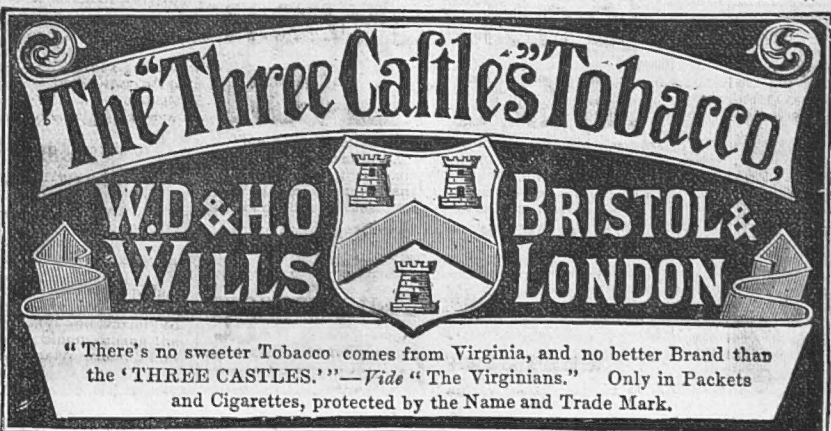
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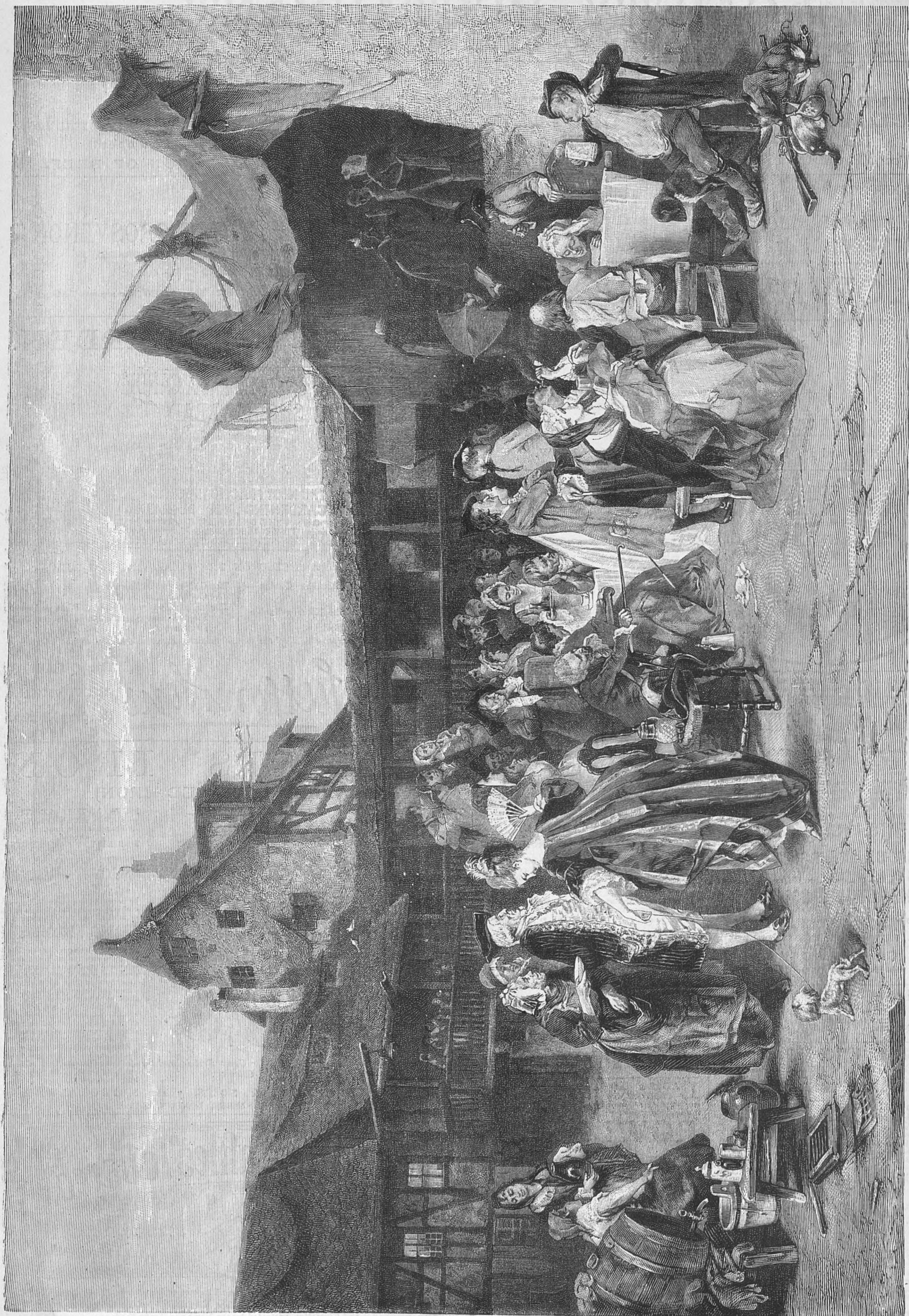
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